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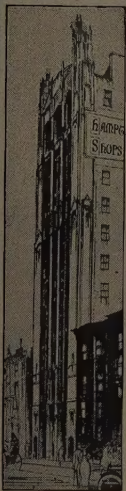
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# THEATRE MAGAZINE'S PLAY GUIDE



B. F. Keith's

## PALACE

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Except Sundays and Holidays

*The Play Guide of Theatre Magazine is a guide for young and old, to America's greatest amusement center, New York City. Lest you lose yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast playground the Theatre Magazine offers you the clue of The Play Guide. Mark its sign posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.*

WE wonder if there is any other city in the world at this moment that offers the possibility of more fascinating diversion than New York. There is such an abundance of material from which to choose: there is such variety to it. The only solution for taking in even a part of the rich scene is to learn "how to live on 24 hours a day." The individual who could crowd in all that the twenty-four hours have to offer—for New York is now just as sleepless as London—does not exist. But one can always make a try for it!

For those whose day can be only sixteen or eighteen hours long there are high spots that *must* be hit. The two *Follies*, Ziegfeld and Greenwich Village, for instance, and the *Music Box Review*. It is imperative to attend each once at least, and as many times more as possible. Whether you live in Greater New York, or come on a visit from the still greater beyond, not to be conversant with the features of these three reviews—with the antiphonal responses of Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean, with the latest "Margie says, she says," of Bert Savoy, with the fooling of Bobby Clark, is to placard oneself as quite

impossible. Though "the sophisticates," as Gertrude Atherton has recently named them, have been to *The Chauve-Souris* and *The Moscow Art Theatre* many times, there has been a somewhat legitimate excuse for an out-of-towner not having got these two wonderful Russian products in, since the rush for seats has been so great as to require time and persistency to obtain them. But the joyous news has just reached our office that both *Chauve-Souris* and *Moscow Art* "will continue indefinitely," so we may all hope.

Having taken care of these, the *pièces de résistance*, may we suggest further a little program that will net you the most profit for your outlay.

When it comes to the plays of our own native stage that should be seen, your hands will be full. Let us advise, though, that you do not miss the distinction of Galsworthy's *Loyalities*, nor Jeanne Eagel's impersonation of "Sadie Thompson" in *Rain*. *The Clinging Vine*, with Peggy Wood and her much-quoted line, "Yes? No? Aren't you wonderful!", with which she ensnares all the men in the cast, may offer suggestions to the ladies. And no one, young or old, married or

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ORCHESTRA  
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single, if it can possibly be helped, should pass up that charmer, Margaret Lawrence, in *Secrets*, nor the engaging Genevieve Tobin in *Polly Preferred*.

Shopping and lunch having eaten into an afternoon and made one too late for a matinée, there are those ever-present havens, "The Rivoli" and "The Rialto." Certain of seeing a worth-while picture at either, they are always refreshing to drop into around four of an afternoon. At that hour, of course, you miss their remarkable orchestras. Better yet, in order to extract the fullest pleasure from these delightful institutions, linger over dinner, and go in time to hear the second overture and the incidental music that follows, always such an enhancing addition to the picture feature. At "The Rialto," Hugo Riesenfeld, that fine musician and composer, conducts his splendid orchestra in person, though he is director of the destinies, musical and otherwise, of both houses.

For after-the-theatre there are any number of cabaret and dancing places. But you will want to go to the "Palais Royal," "The Plantation," and "The Rendez-vous." At "The Plantation," not so long ago, Mary Garden, it is claimed, experienced a brand new thrill, announcing that resort "to be the most delightful place I ever was in." Escorted by Charles L. Wagner, her manager, and Miss Lenore Ulric, she put her stamp of approval on the quaint Southern melodies of Will Vodery's harmonists and the spirituels of Florence Mills and Edith Wilson.

At the "Palais Royal" there are the unusual mural decorations of Norman Bel Geddes to admire, and of course a delightful cabaret, with the famous Paul Whiteman orchestra for dancing.

The features of "The Rendez-vous" are incomparable Gilda Gray of *The Follies* with her South Sea Island dance and the Gallery of Celebrities, a new and amusing form of decoration, where he who dances and sups may read on the walls the theatrical gossip of the moment. To keep the interest spiced up for the habitués of "The Rendez-vous" this decorative gallery is constantly being changed and added to.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

When planning your playgoing, send for a copy of *Theatre Magazine's Play Guide*. It directs you to the kind of play you want to see. It will tell you where all the interesting people go afterwards. It tips you off to the smart dancing clubs, the chic cafes and the correct beauty shops, where loveliness, the better with which to enjoy these gaieties, may be purchased.

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VOL. XXXVII. No. 265

# THEATRE MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1923



OLGA PETROVA

*An Etching by Portia Novella*





KURT PEHLEMANN as Frederick the Great

*A Noted German Actor in One of His Extraordinary Impersonations  
Soon to be Seen Here in the Film "The Ballerina of the King"*



# THEATRE MAGAZINE

Edited by  
ARTHUR HORNBLow and  
ARTHUR HORNBLow, Jr.



## *Olla Podrida*

*Must We Live Under Obsolete Sunday Laws?*

PERIODICALLY, almost as regularly and inevitably as the coming round of the seasons, there is renewed agitation in certain quarters in favor of the giving of legitimate dramatic performances on Sunday in New York City. Senator Meyer Levy has introduced a bill at Albany which, if it becomes law, will make this town as wide open theatrically as Chicago. The measure provides that the law against Sunday performances be amended to permit "legitimate, dramatic or theatrical performances in duly licensed theatres in a first-class city."

The present Sunday closing laws, commonly known as "blue laws," have been on our statute books a hundred years and more. It is not a question here whether or not these old restrictive measures, born of the strict Puritanical Sabbath, still meet modern ideas and needs. As long as the laws remain unrepealed they must be obeyed. *Dura lex sed lex.* Lawyers with full knowledge of what conditions might be, if the present law were enforced to the letter, are unanimous in the opinion that what concessions the authorities have so far chosen to make have been more than generous. In the case of vaudeville, concerts, movies, boxing contests, delicatessen and barber shops, cigar stores, paper stands, etc., the law has been allowed to remain practically a dead letter.

The present agitation, the outcome of the controversy started by William A. Brady following the complaint of the Rev. W. H. Bowlby, head of the Lord's Day Alliance, when the manager was summoned to court and held for Special Sessions on the charge of violating the New York Sunday closing laws, is unfortunate in that it threatens to defeat the very object it aims to attain—a more liberal interpretation of the "blue laws."

One readily sympathizes with Mr. Brady—than whom there is no more doughty champion once he throws his hat in the ring, be it a row over a prize fight or a passion play—in his irritation at being apparently singled out for attack when so many other interests are allowed to do business on Sunday undisturbed. Unfortunately, the activities of Mr. Brady and his supporters may have the disagreeable aftermath of compelling the authorities to be more strict than they otherwise would be, and thus the well intentioned crusade of Brady and his adherents will act like a boomerang.

THE argument for a more open Sunday is that thousands of potential theatregoers who are occupied in business all week, many of them night workers, are, under present conditions, deprived of the opportunity of seeing plays which, in the case of the unhappy or despondent or the eager seeker after knowledge, might help his or her social advancement, widen the mental horizon, bring cheer and hope to a sordid, none too roseate existence, fill the discouraged with renewed strength to carry on. Some of the pieces that disgrace our boards it would perhaps be better if this particular class never saw, but in all fairness it may be conceded that most metropolitan productions are clean in tone and furnish a mental stimulus the psychological reaction to which is well nigh incalculable.

It may be urged that the question as to whether or not the theatres shall be open on Sundays rests neither with the managers nor with the players, but with the public. If the majority of our public want the theatres open on the Sabbath, all they have to do, apparently, is to instruct their representatives at Albany and the necessary legislation will be at once enacted. But it is far from being as easy as all that. The legislators from New York City may be impressed with the urgency of a modification in the old restrictive blue laws in view of our vast and ever growing cosmopolitan population, but the legislators representing the up-state rural communities do not see it in the same light. Venerable relics of stage-coach days, fifty years behind New York City in taste, education, enlightenment, Balieff, or Pirandello, or Capek or Stanislavsky mean nothing in their narrow, ice-bound lives. That is the crux of the situation. Many New Yorkers would prefer the Continental Sunday with theatres, concerts, movies, museums, amusement parks wide open, whereas country dwellers, finding the old Puritanical Sabbath all their intellectual equipment needs, cannot understand why it should not also be good enough for city dwellers. This is, of course, a debatable point, but while the blue laws remain on the statute books there is neither profit nor sense in trying to evade them or oppose their enforcement.

THE actors take a decided stand in the matter. They are emphatically opposed to playing seven days a week, and a delegation from the Actors' Equity Association will go to Albany to urge the Legislature to vote down the Levy bill legalizing Sunday performances. According to the present Equity contract with the Producing Managers' Association, an actor is required to give eight performances a week, and in communities where Sunday performances are customary—as, for instance, in Chicago—the actor can offer no objection, under his contract, to the manager calling on him to play Sunday night, so long as the total performances during the said week do not exceed eight in number. To keep within this limit some managers cut out the Wednesday matinee as being the least profitable, and it is believed that will be the managerial policy here if the Sunday night performance ever gets a foothold in New York. But in principle the Equity is strongly opposed to Sunday night performances unless it be for the benefit of some charity or other worthy object.

In view of his present legal difficulty over *La Flamme*, Mr. Brady argues, of course, from the standpoint of self-interest, but in one important particular the manager is unquestionably right. If we must live under blue laws let us be consistent. It is ridiculous to close a theatre where *Romeo and Juliet* is being played and allow to remain open a motion picture house where a stupid, sensual film is being shown. It may be argued that the motion picture does not call for the services of actors. But what about the musicians, the attachés, the operators? They have to work—so do the barber and the shoeblack. Let us be consistent.





Study by Nickolas Muray

## P O W E R

*A Strikingly Effective Pose by Leo Barté, a Russian Dancer, Illustrative of Man's Constant Effort to Escape the Confinement of Walls—Either Physical or Spiritual*



# My Memories of Oscar Hammerstein

*Intimate Reminiscences of the Famous Impresario Who Wrecked Life and Fortune Introducing New Singers and New Operas to the American Public*

By ORVILLE HARROLD

I SHALL never forget my first meeting with Oscar Hammerstein—though for me it was hardly a particularly satisfactory occasion. It was during the spring of 1906 and I had come to New York, having heard that a season of grand opera was to open in the autumn at a theatre which Mr. Hammerstein was building. I had sung in burlesque and I had sung in vaudeville and now the grand opera bug had bitten me. I knew I had a voice; I did not know what little else I had. But I had youth and audacity. Hammerstein was holding voice trials at his old Victoria Theatre at 42nd Street and Broadway, and there I hid myself. There were a dozen similar applicants and I never heard such squawking in my life. At length my turn came. I ascended the stage and sang a ballad—the air from *Boheme*. In the darkness in front I made out a pair of square shoulders surmounted by an extraordinary top hat.

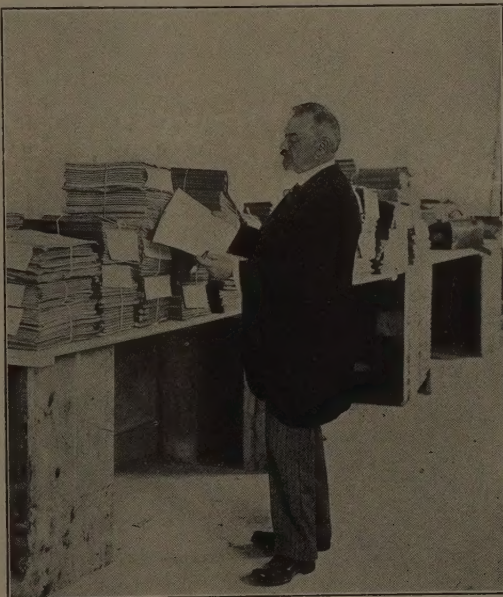
OSCAR SENDS FOR ME

I DID not see Oscar Hammerstein again for two years. That summer I sang in the *Passing Show* at the Casino, and afterwards I went again into vaudeville, doing an act in which I sang airs from the operas. In the early spring of 1908 I was playing an engagement at the Victoria, and one afternoon Hammerstein dropped in and heard me sing. Bonci had just gone over to the Metropolitan and he needed a tenor. After I had sung the air from *Boheme*, Mike Simonson, the Victoria's stage-manager, came to me in my dressing-room.

"Harrold," he said, "the old man wants to see you."

My heart suddenly doubled its tempo. Hastily scrubbing off my make-up, I followed Simonson up two flights of stairs into a little room under the roof. As I entered I saw a stocky man with a chin beard sitting in a frock coat before the

most disorganized looking desk I ever saw in my life. The man himself was as neat as a pin, but on that desk and on the floor were papers, opera scores, cigars and cigar wrappings, letters, an old shoe and the Lord knows what else! Hammerstein looked at me for a moment, then taking a cigar from between his teeth, he began



Oscar Hammerstein seen delving into the scores of opera for which his untutored passion raised him from humble cigar maker to reigning czar in the world of music.

slowly to nod his head like a Chinese mandarin. Then, suddenly, he asked in that inimitable accent of his: "Vot's your name, eh?"

"Harrold—Orville Harrold—" I stammered.

"Vell, I tink you Irish, so I'm going to call you 'Mike'."

He rose, came over to me, and touched my throat.

"Mike, you haf got it here. The question is, haf you got it there?"

And he touched my head.

I assured him that I had. His eyes twinkled and he put his hand upon my shoulders.

"Mike," he said, "I'm going to send you to a teacher. I'm going to have you learn *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria* and *Rigoletto* and if you've got enough sense, some other operas. And next season, if you learn them, you're going to sing with Tetrizzini at the Manhattan.

I studied hard that summer with Oscar Saenger, living the simple life in the country, and in the Fall I knew six operas. In October I sang again for Hammerstein, and after I had finished he called me to him.

"Mike," said he, "your voice is all right. But your clothes—where did you get them? I'm going to tell my Beau Brummel son, Arthur, to take you to his tailor." Arthur did. I bought five suits as fine as anything ever seen on Piccadilly—and Hammerstein paid the bill!

GATHERING OF THE SHADOWS

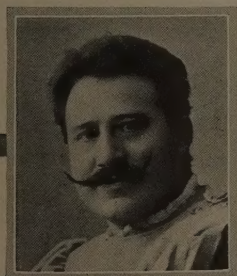
THAT last year of the Manhattan Opera Company! It was both sad and glorious. Already the shadows were gathering about the indomitable impresario, but his wit never failed him. It would always have been better for him, and probably he would have been living today had Oscar Hammerstein taken physical exercise, but this he never would do. I myself

worked every day in the gym of the West Side Y.M.C.A., and I realized what good it did me. For some weeks during the middle of his final Manhattan season I had realized that he was looking badly. All day long he sat either in his office at the Victoria Theatre or at the Manhattan Opera House, smoking big cigars and planning, planning how he could shake the public free from its growing indifference.



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GARDEN

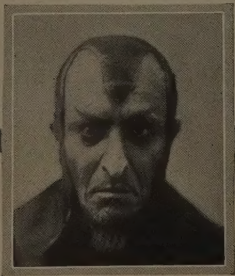


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TETRAZZINI

*Famous Singers and an Equally Famous Conductor Whom Oscar Hammerstein First Introduced to America*



He had swept Europe for sensations, had given New York Tetrizzini, Garden, Renaud, had brought back Melba and Calvé, had introduced *Pelléas et Melisande* and *Louise* and *Thais* and *Electra*, but now the cupboard was bare. He had, indeed, stimulated the public, but a stimulated public requires ever stronger stimulation.

#### SEEKS NEW FIELDS TO CONQUER

THE Manhattan was not like the Metropolitan, where the presence of New York society in the golden horse-shoe is a constant magnet. The Manhattan was the personal creation of Oscar Hammerstein, brought into being by the sheer magnetism of his personality and winning its success by the amount of new and sensational artists and operas. When these artists and operas had been seen and heard the public's interest waned. They positively resented the fact that Oscar was unable to show them anything astonishingly new. And so day after day Oscar sat in his office and pondered, and searched in vain for an idea to save him, and night after night he would sit in his chair in the wings close by the curtain, and encourage his artists and watch the half empty house.

I know the agony of spirit which beset him, but his courage was indomitable. One day I went into his office. His eyes were heavy and his face haggard and drawn. My heart went out to him.

"Governor," I exclaimed, "You're killing yourself sitting here like this. Why don't you take some exercise?"

A smile twisted itself about Oscar's mouth.

"Exercise?" he answered. "You say I don't take exercise?"

He pointed to the door.

"Mike, every morning my creditors run in through that door, and I see them coming and I run through the one opposite. We chase each other round and round and round for half an hour! Who says I don't exercise!"

He was always ready with an answer. When a reporter asked him what he would open this last season with he replied:

"With debts, young man!"

#### ALWAYS NEAR THE ROCKS

THOUGH Hammerstein was in many respects a veritable financial genius, though his *flair* for the value of real estate was positively uncanny, and though he was able to discover money in some strange manner when any other man would have gone bankrupt, his enthusiasms were perpetually running him perilously near the rocks. He opened his last season at the Manhattan Opera House with a subscription list of \$625,000. This was a sum which should have carried him comfortably through the season, and it would have if he had not contracted a virulent attack of megalomania. I don't know what it was, whether his rivalry with the Metropolitan and the publicity he had received had turned his head or not, but he had come to consider

himself as a sort of operatic Santa Claus, who was to shower his gifts on the whole country. He already had his New York and Philadelphia opera houses; now at the beginning of the season of 1909-10 he reached out and bought sites for opera houses in Brooklyn and Chicago, and also started work on a roof garden on top of the Manhattan. He paid for all this out of the \$625,000 of subscriptions, with the result that by the time the season was over, Hammerstein was in difficulties.

#### ACCOUNT KEEPING EXTRAORDINARY

MOREOVER, he had an extraordinary way of taking money out of the box-office without giving any account for it. Once in a while, when I wished an advance, Hammerstein would go into the box-office, take out a hundred dollars in bills from the till and hand them to me without even leaving a receipt. This was his usual way of doing things, with the result that Lyle Andrews, his treasurer, never was able to say how much money was in the treasury.



Paul Thompson

#### WHEN HAMMERSTEIN INVADED LONDON

In 1911 the American impresario challenged the supremacy of Covent Garden only to meet with his Waterloo. Today this beautiful opera house in Kingsway, representing an outlay of \$750,000, is devoted to moving pictures.

In short, Hammerstein was an extraordinarily clever business man and a man with an irresponsible artistic temperament; or rather he was alternately one and the other, with the latter almost fatal to the former.

Yet, Hammerstein had enough luck to have made the fortunes of a dozen ordinary men. As I have said, his last season saw the box office empty. How he ever managed to pay his artists and his employés is beyond me. He had played all his big cards. Strauss's *Electra* had proved a bore, and the audience no longer filled the house. But pay he did. He drained the Victoria Theatre, the biggest money-maker of all New York's vaudeville houses, he borrowed, God knows what he did—but he paid!

#### HIS MOST COLOSSAL BLUFF

TOWARD the end of the season he threw perhaps the most colossal bluff of his whole career. He was dead broke, yet he announced that he was going to give the following year the most magnificent performances in operatic history, and that he had a whole roster of new and

stupendous artists up his sleeve. The Metropolitan began really to be worried, for they had not seen how it was possible for him to continue. Then Hammerstein engaged passage for Europe, announcing he was going to engage his new company. The Metropolitan thereupon bought him off for a million, two hundred thousand dollars, and he signed an agreement not to give grand opera in New York for ten years. It was a truly Napoleonic stroke. He had bluffed his great rival into the belief that he was to give another season, when in reality he was penniless and had to borrow the money to pay for his ticket to Europe!

#### THE MANAGER INVADES LONDON

THE Metropolitan had, however, eliminated Mr. Hammerstein from the New York operatic field, and thereafter was able to put opera on a paying basis. But Mr. Hammerstein, secure in the million, two hundred thousand paid him by his rival, now set out for other fields to conquer. He decided upon London. All his friends begged him to keep his money, but to all he gave a characteristic answer:

"Why should I keep my money? I earned it. I'm going to have my own fun with my own money and have that fun in my own way!"

And he did. Fun to him meant grand opera and he had one more grand splash before the night closed upon him.

Thus it was that Hammerstein proceeded to put his head into the mouth of the British lion. Could he ever have succeeded in his invasion of England? I doubt it. Covent Garden was one of the oldest and most conservative operatic institutions in the world. Founded on the rock of the British throne, the average Englishman looked upon opposition to it as a sort of slight to royalty itself. But Oscar was not a man to be scared by royalty. True, he put in a royal

entrance in his Kingsway opera house, but over the door he had carved his own effigy.

#### HE GREETES THE KING

KING George never entered through this door, for when he did come, and it was only once, at a benefit for some of Queen Mary's charities, he came in by the main entrance. I shall never forget that occasion. Oscar, arrayed in his inimitable top hat, stood by the entrance with Lyle Andrews, his treasurer. Everybody was on his toes with nervousness, for after all these months, Their Majesties had at last consented to appear. But Oscar was as cool as a cucumber. As the King stepped out of his car, the impresario removed his hat and handed it to Mr. Andrews, then he stretched out his hand to King George with a hearty:

"Glad to see you, King!"

I don't suppose His Majesty in his wildest moments of exhilaration had ever dreamed of such a greeting, let alone experienced it, yet he didn't blink an eyelash.

(Continued on page 64)





Study by George Maillard Kessler

### HELEN MÖLLER AND HER DISCIPLES

*An eminent Priestess of the Dance with Eleanor and Dixie (standing)  
and Elizabeth and Ange, bright particular stars of her interesting school*



# The Mirrors of Stageland

*Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures*

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE

## XVIII.—JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

THAT is Joseph Schildkraut. He has been called the beauty man, a distinction he does not relish. He answers such silly compliments with "Bah." Every real man feels foolish when someone tells him he is easy to look at, and quickly changes the subject. And Joseph Schildkraut assuredly is a he-man.

The actor who plays Peer Gynt needs temperament. Young Schildkraut has it. Judge for yourself! A Roumanian father, and Hungarian mother, a Turkish grandfather and a Spanish grandmother. Temperament. Yea, verily, a wealth of temperament! Yet what understanding he has of the peoples of earth! And what does he not know of the standards of the theatre of many lands!

His first recollections are of the time when his father was on the stage of various Berlin theatres. When he was fourteen his father was playing in the Irving Place Theatre in New York. He brought his son with him. The boy had already decided that he would be an actor. His father, without the too frequent sneer of the Transatlantics, sent the boy to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

He returned to Europe and went on the stage when he was seventeen. I think of Joseph Schildkraut always as the John Barrymore of Europe. He gives the same impression of youth. He lends easily the same illusion of spirituality. He has the same good looks. He has played the same parts in Europe that Barrymore has played in America. He played the leading part in *Redemption*. Don't you remember Barrymore's outcry in that play: "There is such a difference between what I feel and what I am!" He was the leading player in *The Jest*. You must recall Barrymore and his green tights in Sem Benelli's play. Schildkraut, too, was the Anatol in *The Affairs of Anatol*. When he plays Shakespearean roles they were the same that Barrymore played, Richard III and Hamlet.

Last year he entrapped the affections of that lovely recruit to the stage from southern society, Elise Bartlett Porter. They say his talent as a musician helped to win the way to her heart. He went every day to her parents' apartment in Gramercy Square and played the violin while she sang. His father, Rudolph Schildkraut, the veteran and well schooled actor, went to Philadelphia to attend the impromptu wedding. That wedding points to another characteristic of this interesting young actor, his obedience to impulse.

## XIX.—ROBERT MILTON

THERE! You see—that little man going down the aisle with the interest-

ing curly fringe of red hair. That's Robert Milton. I've heard him called the best director in America. I wonder if it's true? He wants to start a repertory company and has the offer of several hundred thousand behind him. Will he or will he not be America's most interesting theatrical figure ten years from now?

He's a Russian. No one knows it. In fact, he scarcely realizes it himself. Gets shy when he meets a Russian for fear that some one will ask him to translate what's being said. Speaks American like a native—and doesn't speak Russian at all, that's why! Came here when a lad and worked in a drug-store. Used to mix all the pretty chemicals and look at them with different lights behind them. It's that that drove him to the theatre. Color and light. No one knows them better than he—unless it be Morrie Gest and Morrie can't co-ordinate his passion for them as Milton can.

I remember Bob when he was a shy, slinking assistant director with Mansfield. Used to shiver in his boots and hope no one would catch on to the fact that he didn't know very much. He still shivers in his boots a bit, though recently big successes have sent him careening into the open with high talk of art on his tongue. Actors like his directing. It confuses them at first because he feels around a bit uncertainly. But he is sensitive to their defects and errors and makes a good actor out of many a bad, and excellent actors out of good ones.

He has vast feeling and enormous taste. The two most important requisites for a director. He is cruel. That's helpful, too,—to the director!

Nobody really knows him. Nobody. He is Alexander J. Secretive himself. But there are friends about him that guess a good deal and laugh at him a bit. He laughs with them. A character. An important one. He started in a minor way. Small jobs for big people. Eventually he came to doing musical shows. *Oh Boy!* is one of his creations—probably one of the best little operettas Broadway has ever seen. It is of some interest that this was put into shape by the man who is now going in for artistic dramatic production.

## XX.—PAULINE FREDERICK

BUT for her gift of beauty, of face and form, Pauline Frederick might now be a thrifty housewife in the city whence she came, Boston. One does not readily think of the pulchritudinous person, who played Potiphar's wife with such realism, in *Joseph and His Brethren* at the Century Theatre, as enveloped in a huge kitchen apron, baking bread.



If there is a walk-out or strike by her servants at her bungalow at Hollywood she is undismayed. She puts on the big apron and a resolute expression and cooks a better dinner than the fugitive cook could prepare; dusts her room better than the second girl did; opens the door for her guests and waits upon the table more efficiently than her fleeing butler did. Miss Frederick's household accomplishments can be summarized in one word of New England application. She has "faculty." She is a handy woman. She is a Jill of all trades and comes very near to being mistress of that to which she gives the lion share of her time and energy, the mimic one, whether on the screen or stage. Between these forms of Thespian expression she alternates as a pendulum between the furthestmost points of its arc.

Miss Frederick's beauty is lessened somewhat by her frequent look of fatigue. That is because she applies every ounce of force in her to whatever she does. If it be baking a cake, or driving a car—she is a good chauffeuse—or playing a scene in three feet before a camera or on a thirty feet wide stage, she gives all of herself to the moment's task. When it is finished she is weary. "Polly"—so all her friends call her—has learned many arts and artifices, but never those of conservation of her strength. The beauty that has delighted audiences will not be as lasting as Lillian Russell's or Julia Arthur's unless she acquires that art. Yet one must have much force, and must use it generously, to attain the point in her profession that Miss Frederick has. She was a chorus girl with the Rogers Brothers, but not long. She was soon playing parts in musical comedies. Three years after her beginning she was playing the title rôle on tour in *The Little Gray Lady*. In a comparatively short while she was a star.

An outstanding trait of hers is the fine one of loyalty. She championed her mother's cause when her father and mother separated. So vigorous and unmistakable was the championship that her father, who died recently, cut her off in his will.

One feels while watching "Polly" play that she has not yet realized her ambition. That ambition is boundless.



LUCY DORAINE

A Berlin film beauty who is fast becoming one of the important Continental stars. She has been recently engaged by the Fox Film Company of America for work in their European productions. Her latest rôle in a German picture was in *Sodom and Gomorrah*, a vivid drama soon to be seen here.



Portraits by Angelo

ENDJA MOGOUT

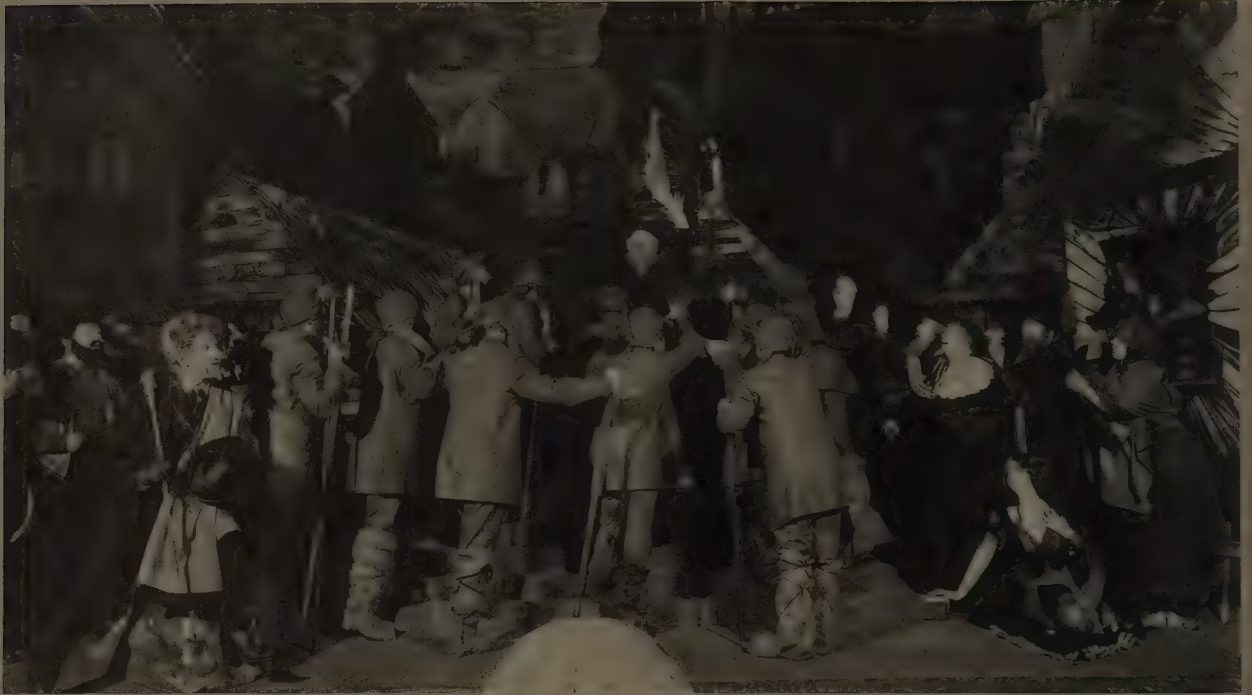
A twenty-year old Danish girl who is making a current sensation in Paris in a mad dance called *Delirium Tremens*. She has been known for some time as the finest model in Europe and is now to be seen in any of a dozen art exhibitions as a result of her reputed perfect form.



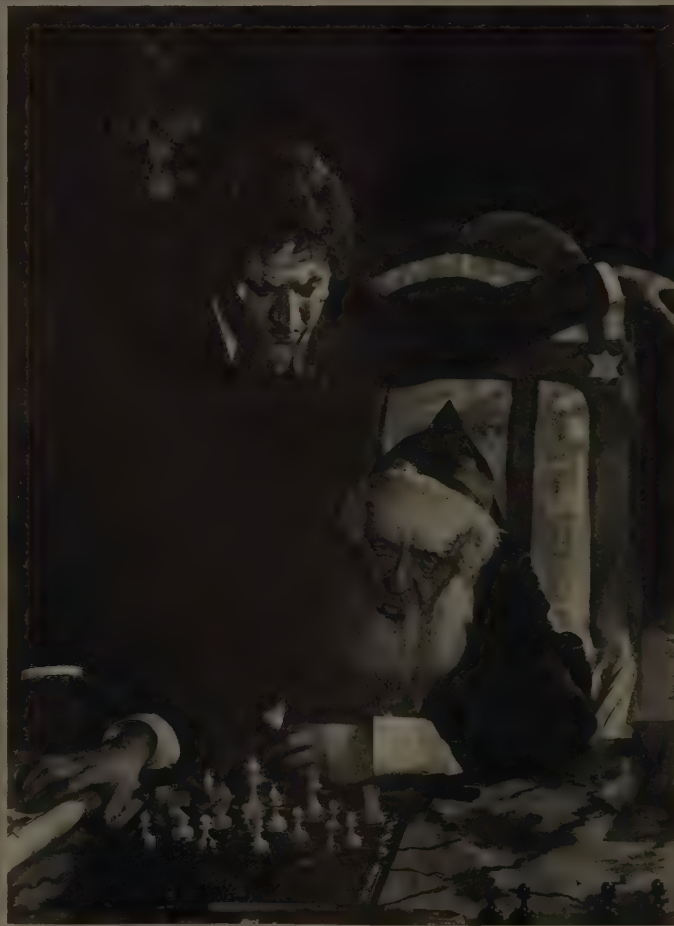
PULCHRITUDE IN FOREIGN HAUNTS

*Unusual Beauties Whose Fame is Out-spreading the Continent*





(Above) The blind men beseech the Jew to heal them. (Left, foreground, Maurice Schwartz as *Anathema*; center, Munie Weisenfreund as the Jew; right, the Wife, Bina Abramowitz).



(Left) *Anathema* (Maurice Schwartz) becomes the secretary of the poor bewildered Jew (Munie Weisenfreund), whose soul he desires and whom he tempts with great wealth.

**A**NATHEMA, as conceived by Andreyev, haunts the Gates of Heaven, holding altercation with the Guardian thereof, irresistibly drawn by the attraction which good has for his evil nature. He boasts that he will possess the soul of a mortal and to accomplish this, he enters the world in the guise of an influential man, carrying a legacy to a poor and simple hearted Jew. Wealth has no meaning to the Jew except through charity, and he begins distributing his enormous

riches left and right among the poor and sick. His vain daughter leaves her home, his consumptive son dies learning to dance, and the Jew—now regarded by the poor as a miracle-worker—finds offerings raised to him in the market place. Abashed at this false honor, he flees to the desert where the angry mob follow and stone him to death. *Anathema* returns to Heaven, boasting that he has procured the Jew's soul, but is horrified to learn that the Jew has attained immortality.

## THE NEW PLAY

— Andreyev's "*Anathema*" As Produced By Maurice Schwartz at the Yiddish Art Theatre



# Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



## Peer Gynt

Henrik Ibsen's dramatic poem, in its translation by William and Charles Archer, with music by Grieg, produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre on February 5th with the following in the cast:

Peer, Joseph Schildkraut; / Ase, Louise Closser Hale; Ingrid, Bertha Broad; Solveig's Father, William M. Griffith; Solveig's Mother, Elizabeth Zachry; Solveig, Selena Royle; Helga, Francene Wouters; Herd Girls, Elise Bartlett, Eve Casanova, Helen Sheridan; Troll King's Daughter, Helen Westley; Troll King, Dudley Digges; The Ugly Brat, Francene Wouters; Kari, Armina Marshall; Mr. Cotton, Stanley G. Wood; Monsieur Ballon, Albert Carroll; Von Eberkopf, Edward G. Robinson; Anitra, Lillebil Ibsen; 1st Keeper, C. Porter Hall; 2nd Keeper, J. Andrew Johnson; Ingrid's Son, Philip Leigh; The Button-Moulder, Edward G. Robinson.

I HAVE never cared much for *Peer Gynt*. Called by its author "a dramatic poem," I find it neither dramatic nor poetic and when, added to that, I am faced with a production that represents the Guild in its latest "impressionistic" frame of mind, I confess to boredom. It has been on realistic methods at their best and on an absence of affectation in performance and decoration that the Garrick directors have built a fine reputation for that ancient playhouse. I see in their production of *Gynt* a writing on the wall which indicates a marked decline in virility, a vault into the esoterics and mush of that type of "high art" in the theatre which may win a truth-*blasé* few, but which must lose the interest and respect of a bulk of intelligent and non-professional theatre-goers.

Joseph Schildkraut's performance in the name rôle was as competent, I dare say, as could be given by any American actor that occurs to me at the moment. It is a trying and inordinately difficult part that was never meant to be played and that has cost

many an even more capable actor than the younger Schildkraut sleepless nights and insignificant results. Mansfield tried it and failed. At points Mr. Schildkraut achieves effects more stimulating than Mansfield's—notably as the young scapegoat, Peer, who tosses his mother on the roof. But in other respects,—at the moments when Peer reaches maturity, fame and then disheartenment. Schildkraut tries hard, but is hollow. He is as much the noisy young buck in his soul at seventy as at twenty. From his tonal quality

*Caligari*. The troll costumes are exceedingly well executed, though other costumes carried a new and amateurish air about them. But it is the Grieg music that endlessly woos the imagination and doubtless wins many into believing they are seeing a great play, done greatly.

## Roger Bloomer

A play by John Howard Lawson, produced by the Equity Players at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre on March 1, with the following in the cast:

Roger Bloomer, Henry Hull; Mrs. Bloomer, Caroline Newcomb; Everett Bloomer, Walter Walker; Mary, Isabella Hill; Mr. Poppin, John C. Hickey; Eugene Poppin, Louis Calhern; Emma, Adelaide Wilson; Louise, Mary Fowler; A Street-Walker, Margaret Fareleigh; Miss Burns, Helen Van Hoose; Elliott T. Rumsey, Frederick Burton; A Judge, Thomas J. Keogh.

I REMEMBER hearing Mr. Francis Wilson remark from the stage of the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre on the occasion of the début of the Equity

Players that the organization would undertake, for art's sake, to do plays that no commercial manager would touch. Never has Mr. Wilson been so right. Right, that is, in the comment about the crass managers. Not so right, however, in that "art stuff." *Roger Bloomer* is every inch a bloomer. It is a miserably "arty" effort that gets so far away in its every aspect from the theatre and drama that one marvels that actors and critics could have had anything to do with its selection as a sequel to so deplorable a choice as *Malvaloca*. Mr. Lawson's weird piece is half-cousin to *From Morn to Midnight*, and step-son of *Johannes Kreisler*. The scenes are of the mad, impressionistic style that the theatre's "New Thought" tells us is suggestive of life in something more than its baldly realistic phase. Give me the latter, s. v. p.

## Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

LOYALTIES: A great play, finely acted by a capable British cast.

MERTON OF THE MOVIES: A gay, happy-go-lucky comedy satirizing Hollywood.

MOSCOW ART THEATRE: The rarest theatrical treat New York has ever had.

RAIN: The best melodrama of many seasons, superbly played.

ROMEO AND JULIET: Acted and produced as a story of youth and love—with telling effect.

R. U. R.: The Theatre Guild's best this year.

and force and gesture generally the wild herd girls would be of unending interest to him.

Two performances, in addition to Mr. Schildkraut's, were of interest,—the Ase of that invariably right Louise Closser Hale and the Solveig of Selena Royle. Miss Royle lent a grace and feeling to the part that gave to the scenes involving her a flavor of truth that surmounted even the wretched cubistic rocks of Mr. Simonson. The Troll King of Dudley Digges, with its absurd and disillusioning effort at cockney humor, was poor and the exhibitionistic flavor of Helen Westley's Daughter of the Troll King unpleasant and deplorable.

Two of Mr. Simonson's sets are effective,—those of the Hall of the Mountain King and the Mad House, the latter being a rather bald copy of identical scenes in the movie, *Dr.*



## The Laughing Lady

A play by Alfred Sutro, produced at the Longacre Theatre by Arthur Hopkins on February 12, with the following cast:

Hamilton Playgate, Harry Plimmer; Ellis, Walter Howe; Caroline Playgate, Alice John; Cynthia Dell, Violet Kemble Cooper; Sir Harrison Peters, K. B. C., Kenneth Hunter; Esme Farr, Katharine Emmett; Daniel Farr, K. C., Cyril Keightley; Lady Marjorie Colladine, Ethel Barrymore; Rose, Eva Leonard-Boyne; Sir Hector Colladine, D. S. O., McKay Morris.

IT is a Main Street Mayfair that Mr. Hopkins has created in his latest production with Miss Barrymore. A comedy of manners is for the most part made Yankee mince-meat. Save for two performances fitting the mood and atmosphere of the piece, those by Miss Cooper and Mr. Keightley, Mr. Sutro's deft play is acted in a manner which must make one who has seen this sort of thing done properly in the city of its conception feel thoroughly depressed. It lacks fidelity and so lacks life. But it at least performs the function of restoring Miss Barrymore to a rôle in which her many admirers will be glad to see her (more perhaps on a basis of "anything but Juliet!" than for more flattering reasons!) and I daresay will have a long and vigorous career on the road.

Alfred Sutro's play is as thin as its countless predecessors in the field of deft dramatics. Its conversational brilliance recalls the better-written because shorter masterpiece of the same writer, *A Marriage Has Been Arranged*. The sofa dialogues possess the same alluring smartness, the same winning gentle comedy of intelligence. But the characters are somewhat less genuine even than may be expected in a play of the sort. Their behavior is of the marionette variety, and it is emphasized in this instance by an absence of grace in direction and interpretation. Speeches are tossed about like tennis balls in an unvarying key and temper. The American cast—save in the two cases named—in its effort to be English gets no further than the wearing of brand new spats. Mr. McKay and Mr. Plimmer as British aristocrats at no time approach being either British or aristocratic. Their performances are utterly lacking in flavor—and without that quality a piece of the sort is as tasteless as dough.

Sutro's story is a slender one. Lady Marjorie Colladine is divorced by her somewhat dull though none the less

loving husband on grounds that are circumstantially compromising but unfounded in fact. The barrister who has pleaded Colladine's case in court falls in love with the defendant and Lady Marjorie—once free—finds herself being at once beset by the attentions of the man who had heckled, badgered and beaten her in law. Her stupid husband thereupon proceeds to want her back and complications are heightened by the visit of the attentive barrister's wife who offers to surrender her husband to Lady Marjorie—not because she wants to but because she had always realized that the day would come when she must do something of the sort. Sutro sidesteps the issue in cowardly fashion by having Lady Marjorie announce (despite the fact that she has come to want the barrister) that she cannot make his wife and her ex-husband unhappy and they must go on living as before. Thus there are four miserable people in the world instead of two and the ending is anything but the "satisfactory" one that Sutro seems to have aimed at.

Miss Barrymore was a radiant, merry, though somewhat nervous Lady Marjorie. Her mannerisms, which include an arch-like stare and odd sudden gestures with her hands and arms, do not make for poise or charm and often she dashes through her lines as though eager to be done with them. But, at least, she is back where she belongs and if scarcely an ideal Lady Marjorie is at least a likeable and sympathetic one.

## You and I

A comedy by Philip Barry produced at the Belmont Theatre by Richard G. Herndon on February 19, with the following cast:

Veronica Duane, Frieda Inescourt; Roderick White, Geoffrey Kerr; Nancy White, Lucile Watson; Maitland White, H. B. Warner; Etta, Beatrice Miles; G. T. Warren, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Geoffrey Nichols, Reginald Mason.

NOT even the curse of its being known as a "Harvard Prize Play" kept me from liking this comedy by Philip Barry. I do not mean to imply that there have not been Harvard plays that were good plays. But I do mean that that descriptive and explanatory phrase carries with it a suggestion of the sanctimoniously academic and laboriously high-brow. It is not flavored with the promise of entertainment or mature talent.

In spite of all of which, Mr. Barry's play is both entertaining and indicative

of a very genuine talent that will augment as it finds form and learns shading. *You and I* is easily one of the best American plays of the year and promises a great deal for its author.

His story tells the sad tale of another Strickland who has betrayed himself in youth by deserting artistic fields where his impulses tended to lead him and devoting himself to "business" and the life of acquisition rather than creation. When he comes to forty-five reaction sets in and he in turn abandons soap making on a large scale to go in for portrait painting on a small one. It is an ironical touch that the portrait he paints—of a lovely girl—is used later as an advertisement for soap. In the shadow of the man's experience lies the hesitant venture of his son who—likewise spurred to art—wishes to give it up for money and the ability to support a wife.

The play is finely played. Mr. Warner, as the man, has never played better, though I might have preferred a quieter, more subdued type in the part than Mr. Warner could ever hope to impersonate—with his incorrigibly smart ways and decisive manner. Lucille Watson as his wife was her customary very capable self. Geoffrey Kerr, Reginald Mason, Frieda Inescourt and Ferdinand Gottschalk were other members of the genuinely aristocratic gathering assembled by director Robert Milton for the proceedings.

## Anything Might Happen

A new comedy by Edgar Selwyn produced at the Comedy Theatre by Selwyn and Company, on February 20th, with the following cast:

Gladys Barry, Ruth Findlay; Richard Keating, Roland Young; Weeks, Montague Rutherford; Hal Turner, Leslie Howard; A Doorman, C. Haviland Chappell; Helen Springer, Estelle Winwood; Mrs. Springer, Lucia Moore; A Waiter, Arthur Lubin; Mrs. Barry, Isabel Garrison; Agnes Farrington, Helen Cromwell; Howard Matthews, C. Haviland Chappell; Maitre d'Hotel, George Le Soir; A Waiter, Arthur Lubin; Miss Wilson, Joan Treffry; Miss Craig, Florence Clarke.

AN old-fashioned *Who's Who* farce that suggests a manuscript that has been reposing in Edgar Selwyn's trunk for the past many years and should have been allowed to rest there is this latest product of the industrious Selwyns. Save for a moment of drunken merriment amusingly





Pictures by White

The tomb of the Capulets carries a grim but beautiful aspect in the above setting by Rollo Peters. The artist himself is the Romeo lamenting the supposed demise of Juliet who, in the person of Jane Cowl, lies in radiant state on her massive couch of death.

Juliet, in a hedge-lined garden, feels fiercely apprehensive of the fate that awaits Romeo when the Duke conveys judgment on the killing of Tybalt.



## THE NEW PLAY

*Jane Cowl Seen in a Romantically Lovely "Romeo and Juliet"*



(Right) The Death of Ase. Peer's mother (Louise Closser Hale), expires as her scapegoat son (Joseph Schildkraut) prattles poetically on, driving his imaginary steeds to the gates of Heaven. PEER: (Cracking his whip). Gee-up; will you stir yourself, Black Boy! There's the Castle rising before us; the drive will be over soon. ASE: I will lie back and close my eyes then and trust me to you, my boy!



(Center) Peer (Joseph Schildkraut), driven to the mountains after his theft of Ingrid's virtue is hailed by the wild herd girls (Elise Bartlett, Eve Casanova, Helen Sheridan), and lured to further heights. PEER: I'm a three-headed troll, and the boy for three girls! GIRLS: Troll-pack! Tonight will you sleep in our arms? PEER: Heavy of heart and wanton of mind, the eyes full of laughter, throat full of tears!



(Above) Solveig (Selena Royle), and her little sister (Francene Wouters), visit Peer in the hills and are frightened by him and his mad, dream-like ways. SOLVEIG: Let me go in peace!

(Right) Peer is summoned before the Troll King (Dudley Digges), and his court of monsters to plead for the hand of the King's daughter (Helen Westley)—legendary princess of the mountains.



Pictures by Bruguere

(Above) After many years of travel and fame and fortune, Peer, old man and wanderer, returns to the mountain scenes of his heedless youth still seeking happiness. He encounters the Troll King, now quite down and out, and is given scant sympathy. He turns back at last to the Solveig who loves him and still waits for him and dies happy in eventual realization that in her tranquil, pure arms would have been peace and joy.

## THE NEW PLAY

The Theatre Guild Revives Ibsen's Fantasy "Peer Gynt"



handled by Estelle Winwood and Roland Young there is nothing in the piece to raise it from a level of utter mediocrity.

Mr. Selwyn's play deals with a quartet of lovers who, through a chain of farcical circumstances, come to change sweethearts. They wallow through the customary misunderstanding—based on the customary implausible reasons—and come finally to the customary last minute clearance of their wits and *status quo*. Only the fact of the comedy's being admirably played by a delectable cast keeps in it a semblance of either humor or life. Leslie Howard is another member of the cast who brings it distinction and flavor. The more I see of Howard the more established am I in my original view that he is one of the very best young actors in America. There is nothing the lad cannot do, from tragedy to farce and do superbly well.

### Rita Coventry

A comedy by Hubert Osborne, founded on the novel by Julian Street, produced at the Bijou Theatre by Brock Pemberton on February 19th, with the following cast:

Pierre, Hans Herbert; Mrs. Fernis, Grace Filkins; Larry Merrick, Edward H. Wever; Busini, Luis Alberni; Paldowski, G. Albert Smith; Eleanor, Leopoldine Damrosch; Herman Krauss, Eugene Powers; Rita Coventry, Dorothy Francis; Richard Parrish, Charles Francis; Louis, Auguste Aramini; Wetherell, Corbet Morris; Patrick Delaney, Dwight Frye; Miss McSweeney, Clare Weldon; Maggie, Harriette Frazier; Johnson, Jay Fassett; Wolff, Curtis Karpis.

MR. OSBORNE has betrayed Mr. Street and what Osborne left undone Mr. Pemberton completed. It is a sad sort of Rita that steps from Street's amusing, colorful Satevost novel onto the stage. She is a drab hussy, at best, and drabness is an inexcusable fault in connection with so opulent and exotic a creature as the Spring-mad young opera singer that Street has spun out of the combined personalities of Farrar, Ganna Walska, Cavallini and Della Robbia. Mr. Osborne's stage version of Rita presents her as humorless, colorless and ever given to bursting into prolonged songs that turn the play into a musicale at which one must applaud politely when the number is ended. It is very tame and very stupid. Her very music room is hung with gloom and utterly bereft of anything that might betoken a person of talent or personality inhabiting it. Pemberton has not done anything worse than

his treatment of this scene. A colder setting for a vivid creature has never been seen. Not even the footlights were permitted to shed a bit of glow over the chilly guests. Only the sky without (New York at midnight) was lit up with the Parrish azure of a Venetian evening.

Dorothy Francis as Rita Coventry, the great singer who wanders from lover to lover with all the casualness of a small girl picking butter-cups, contributed little to the rôle. In one's effort to determine whether Miss Francis is an actress or a singer one is left hanging between alternatives and uncertain of either. The balance of the cast struck no higher level than the play, save for the performance of Dwight Frye as a piano tuner-composer whose undiscovered genius moves Rita into one more amorous adventure. Mr. Frye is a capable actor with a certain smug chubbiness to overcome, a certain incorrigible immaturity, before audiences can take him really seriously.

### The Sporting Thing To Do

A comedy by Thompson Buchanan produced at the Ritz Theatre, by Oliver Morosco, on February 19th, with the following cast:

Miss Simpson, Mary Fisher; Thomas Kennedy, Robert Hudson; Judge McLean, Jack Raffael; Jean Thornton, Emily Stevens; Colonel Thornton, Walker Dennett; Mrs. Thornton, Ethel Winthrop; Jack Thornton, William Boyd; Eleanor Ainsworth, Clara Joel; Mandy, Della Johnson; Jim Loundsbury, H. Reeves Smith; Mrs. Suzanne Clegg, Bertha Belmore; Rev. Dr. Clegg, James Applebee.

WHILE on the subject of tawdry plays I might as well proceed to one of the dullest of the season, *The Sporting Thing To Do*. This *opus* narrates the story of a wife who, loving her husband, divorces him for misconduct on the principle that he will immediately wish to return to her and be content to stay by her side, a good little boy for the remainder of his days. He marries the corespondent in the case and is bored to death by her and misses his first wife just as she had planned. The latter proceeds to pretend she is going to remarry, a device that spurs her ex-husband into redeclaring his love for her and running away with her. The play is based on an ancient idea and cheaply developed. Its one redeeming feature is Emily Stevens' performance as the wife. One marvels at Miss Stevens finding herself in such company. Both 'script and cast are of a grade which suggest that

really capable artist's playing in a dream from which one wants to wake up. *The Sporting Thing To Do* boasts what used to be called in the ads a "typical Morosco cast" synonymous in this instance as in many others for marked inferiority. Two actors in the piece are the worst I have ever seen on any stage.

### Caroline

A musical comedy by Harry B. Smith and Edward Delaney Dunn, adapted from the original of Herman Haller and Edward Rideamus, with music by E. Kunneke and Edward Rideamus, and dances by Frank M. Gillespie, produced at the Ambassador Theatre by Messrs. Shubert, on January 31, with the following cast:

Caroline Lee, Tessa Kosta; Helen, Helen Shipman; Brig. Gen. Randolph Calhoun, Harrison Brookbank; Mrs. Calhoun, Viola Gillette; Digby Bretton, Barnett Parker; Captain Robert Langdon, J. Harold Murray; Roderick Gray, John Adair; Amanda, Mattie Keene; Hannibal, Ben Linn; Flora Wayne, Beatrice Wilson; Isabel Marshall, Edna Duval; Edith Varden, Jane Brown; Gladys Carroll, Kay Carlin; Mabel Preston, Viola Duval; Joan Blythe, Mabel Olson; Joesphine Hurley, Vera Hoppe; Irene Stone, Vonnice James.

PLENTY of pretty music in a setting of crinolines, pretty girls and the usual bad jokes is the recipe of this latest Shubert tinkle show. It is very pleasant when the orchestra is at work but deadly dull when it isn't. Again we are indebted to war-tired Vienna for the only gay portion of the piece. The native contribution does its best toward overcoming the advantages of a charming score.

Miss Tessa Kosta, as a Southern miss who loves a soldier, is as captivating a picture as one can hope for in the musical show world. With Peggy Wood she is one of the few one can count on for a genuinely fine and competent performance. Her voice is lovely—I cannot recall a better in the operetta field. J. Harold Murray is effective as the soldier lad who returns to the old homestead and tackles ballad after ballad. At one point Mr. Murray quite captures the honors of the evening. But his performance lacks the evenness and poise of Miss Kosta and is saturated with a most annoying and complacent attitude of self-satisfaction. The effect may result in Mr. Murray's case more from excessive gesture and trick line pounding than from state of mind. But in either case, it is a capable actor's worst enemy and should be looked to if improvement is to be hoped for.



## Icebound

A play by Owen Davis, produced by Sam H. Harris at the Harris Theatre on February 10, with the following cast:

Emma Jordan, Lotta Linthicum; Henry Jordan, John Westley; Nettie Jordan, Boots Wooster; Ella Jordan, Frances Neilson; Sadie Fellows, Eva Condon; Orin Fellows, Andrew J. Lawlor, Jr.; Doctor Curtis, Lawrence Eddinger; Jane Crosby, Phyllis Povah; Judge Bradford, Willard Robertson; Ben Jordan, Robert Ames; Hannah, Edna May Oliver; Jim Jay, Charles Henderson.

HERE is an earnest, sincere piece that forces its reviewer to the platitudinous observation that its author, Mr. Davis, has come a long way from the manner of piece he used to write for the pre-movie trade several years ago. With *The Detour* and *Icebound*, Owen Davis has paid full penance and I, for one, engage never to rake up his past again. He is now a dramatist in good standing, if not in excellent standing, and one from whose pen we can look for as true dramatic folk portraits as are being done today.

In Mr. Davis's latest study of the *genus Americanus* he turns to New England and somewhat bitterly plays his microscope on the frigid-souled creature of the bleaker farming regions. We find the Jordans, a clan of New England petty villagers, compared to settle between themselves the comfortable estate of their aged and tart mother who is on her deathbed. We behold the shrewd old lady die in the first act with the nose-thumbing gesture of disinheriting the pack of them. The balance of the piece devotes itself to their futile efforts to adjust themselves to a realization that the small fortune they expected to divide has been willed to a stranger to the family, a girl who has lived with the mother, loved and helped her for several years. A sea of hate, servility and envy whips up, with the girl herself steering a difficult course through it and coming at last to disclose that the money was not really left to her for her own use, but in trust for Ben, the "bad" brother, the shiftless black sheep of the herd under indictment for arson. This surprise (a somewhat implausible one be it said) is occasioned by the girl's becoming aware that the dead old woman's plan of having Ben fall in love with the girl who has seemingly inherited the money with a view to their marriage and his redemption, has failed. The black sheep is not so black. He is, however, a trifle thick not to see

the obvious love pouring at him from the girl herself and crying aloud for some in return. The final curtain gives the poor chap light and the old woman in her grave—we must presume—gives a contented chuckle at having beaten her greedy family on all counts.

Mr. Davis writes sure *theatre*. The touch of the old pitch manifests itself from time to time and there is an occasional and deplorable effort after unnecessary and sometimes unseemly humor. But the breath of life sweeps through this pack of New England jackals and exposes them roundly, honestly and effectively. One shivers at the cupidity and crassness of single family communities that wage their wars with all the bigotry and stupidity of witchcraft days. One senses a true picture, firm and unbending—save at the end where compromise enters in unblushingly to the greater happiness of the matinee brigade and unites two people destined to be miserable with each other.

The play has been admirably put on. My respect mounts steadily for Harris as a manager. He has given us *Rain*, *Secrets*, and now *Icebound* this season—a fine record surpassed by no one—even those in the Shakespearean *melée*. Sam Forrest has done a good job with the direction. Several performances stand out, notably those of Phyllis Povah as the girl and Robert Ames as Ben. John Westley never gave a better performance than his interpretation of the eldest of the surviving Jordans. But my mind lingers on Miss Povah. Her quality is a rare one and she is a good actress. She has poise and fire, perfect tonal control and intelligence. There is a slight tendency to *piano* her bigger scenes which makes those in the far rows miss many lines. But the Harris is a big house and I can forgive a bit of that in one who shows such exceeding promise.

## Mary The Third

A play by Rachel Crothers, produced by Lee Shubert at the 39th Street on February 5, 1923, with the following cast:

1870  
Mary the 1st, Louise Huff; William, Ben Lyon.  
1897  
Mary the 2nd, Louise Huff; Robert, Ben Lyon; Richard, William Hanley.  
1923  
Granny, May Galyer; Mother, Beatrice Terry; Mary the 3rd, Louise Huff; Father, George Howard; Bobby, Morgan Farley; Lynn, Ben Lyon; Hal, William Hanley; Letitia, Mildred Macleod; Max, John Alexander; Nora, Eleanor Montell.

MISS CROTHERS has discovered Free Love. She gets very excited about it in *Mary the Third* and serves up a daring young heroine that would have been spanked in 1907, but is more or less to be pitied today. She is so hopelessly old-fashioned with her new-fangled ideas. The one twist is her discovery that her parents have made a mess of their marriage and her quite contemptible insistence on their leaving each other forthwith. If divorce were pulled in by the head to settle every cordial state of family hate—the sort of thing that perches like a crow recurringly in the happiest of homes—the courts would have to be multiplied by ten.

I cannot feel that Miss Crothers has contributed much to modern thought; certainly she has contributed nothing of importance to current drama. Her play is for the most part cumbersome, creaky with the machinery of propaganda and "ideas," and dramatically ineffective as a result of being fundamentally unreal. The staging emphasizes the unreality of the play. Hangings by way of walls would be enough to make any family hate each other and the chairs that father is asked to sit in when he gets home are enough to send him to the club.

There is an unwieldy first act in which we see Mary's grandmother and mother become engaged, each in her own year of youth and anticipation, each blindly plunging into the tie that Mary the Third herself comes to plunge into in like manner when the time comes for it (eleven o'clock). I can see no purpose to this preamble save to prove that women are incorrigibly alike in their sentimental impulses, and to show that Louise Huff, who plays all three Marys, is an actress of charm and talent.

## The God of Vengeance

A play by Sholom Asch, produced by Harry Weinberger at the Provincetown Theatre, December 19, 1922, with the following cast:

Rifkele, Virginia MacFadyen; Sarah, Esther Stockton; Yekel Shepshovitch, Rudolph Schildkraut; A Poor Woman, Marjorie Stewart; Shloyme, Irwin J. Adler; Hindel, Mae Berland; Reb Ali, Sam Jaffe; Reb Aaron, Morris Carnovsky; Manke, Dorothee Nolan; Basha, Aldeah Wise; Reizel, Lillian Taiz; Reb Yankev, James Meighan; Poor Men and Women of the Neighborhood, Samuel Selden, Roland Twombly, Ruth Mahrer, Serette Marshel, Eleanor Rowe.

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ISABEL LEIGHTON

(Below) An ingenue new to Broadway whose performance as Sybil, a startling specimen of the modern girl, in *Why Men Leave Home*, made her one of the elect to whose beauty is wedded talent and promise.



Alfred Cheney Johnston



© Kessler

ROSEMARY

Whose Saxon fairness and unusually high soprano voice mark her out as a figure of captivating importance in the huge cast of the *Music Box Revue*.



LILLEBIL IBSEN

(Right) Grand-daughter by marriage to Norway's great playwright in whose *Peer Gynt* she is at present dancing the voluptuous contortions of the siren, Anitra, for the Theatre Guild. She is herself a Norwegian and a dancer of repute on the Continent.

A GALLERY OF TALENT

*Actresses Whose Beauty Does Not Seem to Interfere With Their Ability*



# The Actor's The Thing

*If Plays Were Reviewed Frankly By Their Casts, You Might Read This Sort of Thing*

By JOHN CHAPMAN HILDER

*The Bedlovers*, a drama of today in three acts by Aloysius Wogg, from the French of Marcel Poisson, at the Proscenium Theatre, produced by Herman Fiddlestick.

## THE CAST

Henry W. Bimbo	Jefferson Mansfield Booth
Ella Bimbo, his wife	Lolita Ravenswood
Myrtle, his daughter	Alison Sweetbriar
Wilbur Dunkey, an inventor	Rodney Lightfoot
James Buncombe, a detective	Harry Bowes
The Butler	Sylvester Smythe

## A REVIEW BY JEFFERSON MANSFIELD BOOTH

**T**HE *BEDLOVERS*, the drama by Aloysius Wogg, which opened last night at the Proscenium, is not by any means what might be called an actor-proof play. I do not, of course, wish to depreciate the work of my fellow artists, but it was noticeable that the first act dragged quite badly until I came on. Lolita Ravenswood, who plays my wife and Alison Sweetbriar, who has the Myrtle part, are amiable women, but it was not until my first entrance that there was any real acting. I noticed evidences of stirring interest the moment I stepped down stage. Mrs. Rhinestone, for instance, sitting in a stage box, looked at me through her lorgnettes and said something to her husband who, up to that time, had been asleep. I saw a number of critics, too, straighten up in their seats and whisper, behind their hands, to their companions.

The piece is very uneven, in my opinion, containing a lot of tedious dialogue between the young people which might well have been left out in favor of drama, like my big scene in the second act, where I denounce my daughter. This almost stopped the show. For a minute or two, in fact, I thought they would make me take a call. But the house was a little cold—too much first-night paper in the orchestra and not enough real theatre-lovers upstairs.

The third act was ruined because young Bowes (who is Mr. Fiddlestick's cousin and manager) in the scene where he un-masks the butler, muffed his lines and cut me out of two of my best bits of business. After that people began to laugh, even in the most serious parts, and the play ran along unsteadily to an unsatisfactory finish. If they will take my advice and give me more to do, and if that young Bowes will give me my proper cues, I believe I may be able to work the thing up into a hit.

## A REVIEW BY LOLITA RAVENSWOOD

**A**LTHOUGH the plot of Aloysius Wogg's new play, *The Bedlovers*, which opened last night at the Proscenium, is centered around Ella Bimbo, the wife, the producer has taken such liberties with the manuscript that the rôle of the wife now amounts to only a paltry half dozen sides. When I first read the play, at Mr. Fiddlestick's invitation, I was impressed by the opportunity offered by the Mrs.

Bimbo part for some real emotional work. It was for this reason that I agreed to help out Fiddlestick—who seemed to be having trouble getting first-class people—and said I would accept the rôle, although I was expecting a call from Belasco almost any moment. Mr. Fiddlestick showed his gratitude by picking on me from the start. He had his own ideas of how my lines ought to be read and I had my own ideas. And because I simply could not lower the standard of my art, he got nasty and cut me down right and left.

The result was plain last night at our opening. That old ham, Booth, who plays Mr. Bimbo, not satisfied with being on practically every minute, tried to snatch my one good scene away from me. I didn't let him get away with it, of course, and I felt that the sympathy of the audience was on my side, but, added to all the other dirty work I have had to put up with in the last two weeks, it didn't increase my enthusiasm. Still, I gave the public my best, as I always do, in spite of my mood, and got the only really warm hand of the evening.

*The Bedlovers*, as it was originally written, was not a bad piece. Whether this hashed-up version will get over or not is a question. I hate to crab, but frankly it doesn't look so good to me. But I signed my contract and with me a contract's a contract, never matter who it's made with.

## A REVIEW BY ALISON SWEETBRIAR

**T**HERE came to the Proscenium Theatre last night a rather stupid little comedy entitled *The Bedlovers*, a translation by Aloysius Wogg from the French of Marcel Poisson, not at all the sort of thing I am fitted for either by temperament or training, but all I could get after a number of weeks spent hanging around the agencies.

To one educated in the best traditions of the theatre it is rather distressing, as you may imagine, to be obliged to mouth a lot of "tawdry inanities," as is my fate in the part of Myrtle, Henry Bimbo's daughter. It is distressing, too, to have to associate with a troupe of "second-raters," such as make up the balance of the cast. When I was graduated from the Blather School of Dramatic Art last Fall, I certainly expected to find a more congenial "niche." Mr. Blather certainly encouraged me to look forward to bigger things right at the start. But perhaps it is for the best that I find myself in this "motley" company. The contrast will certainly be all the more pronounced.

Everyone told me I did awfully well last night, but of course it is not the plaudits of family or friends that really count, but the acclamation of the "public." I am going to work for that. This is what all the "profession" have to do. Mr. Blather told

me even the great stars like "Barrett" and "Henry Irving" had to.

That's why I don't so much mind making my "debut" in a rather trashy play like *The Bedlovers*, with people who are really not my equal socially or mentally. It gives the "public" a chance to see me.

## A REVIEW BY RODNEY LIGHTFOOT

**W**E do things a bit differently at home, of course, and I'm not at all sure I am competent to judge. I rather imagine, however, that Milne, or Ervine, or one of our chaps might have done a somewhat more fruity job on the translation of Marcel Poisson's *The Bedlovers*, than the man, Wogg. And whilst I don't know, I have what you Americans call a "hunch" that du Maurier or possibly one of our other managers might have given it a more imaginative production than friend Fiddlestick. I've only been over here a little more than a fortnight, and hardly know how you do things in New York, but somehow I can't help feeling, I mean to say in spite of what he says himself, that you must have other managers here and there, besides friend Fiddlestick, who have done things.

It disagreed with my breakfast, at first, to have a curious little weasel in a pink silk shirt make foreign noises at me during rehearsals. In fact, only by shutting my eyes and ignoring his jabber, was I able to carry on at all. Carry on I did, though, and I jolly well ignored him into letting me alone. Good business, that!

I mean to say, if you saw *The Bedlovers* last night, you probably noticed that I was much more myself in my bit than any of the others were in theirs. That was simply because I let friend Herman know I dashed well wasn't going to be put upon either by him or his rabbit-eyed relative, Bowes, who calls himself a stage manager. You mustn't think me unfriendly to your great country—but after all, I mean to say, one doesn't exactly come to America to be taught how to act.

## A REVIEW BY HARRY BOWES

**T**HE *BEDLOVERS*, that opened last night at the Proscenium, is a show that has class. To look at it you would say to yourself that here's a show that cost a lot of money to put on. But to tell you the truth it didn't hardly cost anything. Fiddlestick knows the value of a dollar and he says to me—I'm his General Manager besides playing the Detective—he says to me, "Harry, keep down expenses, that's all I want you should do. Then if I don't maybe make money on this show I wouldn't anyhow stand to lose a fortune."

Take the sets. They're swell sets. The show they were made for was a flop. We got them next to nothing. Same thing all

(Continued on page 52)





(Above) A delightful effect in silhouette, achieved by the projection of some old world shadows that sing and dance on a golden screen.



(At left) That favorite variant of the "Dresden China" motif, with four captivating figures that come charmingly to life for their dainty game of blind-man's buff.

## THE CHAUVESOURIS PLANS FLIGHT

*Balieff's Artists Prepare to Return to Moscow After Their Great Year in New York*





#### RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT

A tragedian of great repute on the German and Yiddish stages who has performed the miracle of learning a long and leading part in English, a tongue otherwise unknown to him, and can be seen playing it in the realistic play, *The God of Vengeance*. He is further famous as being a notably fine Shylock and the father of the handsome Joseph.

Portraits by Nickolas Muray

#### JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Son and pupil of the eminent Rudolph, who has done his august parent credit by becoming in less than two years one of America's foremost young actors. On the programs of the Theatre Guild has this exceedingly attractive and talented artist swept to fame with parts such as Liliom and Peer Gynt. His undertaking of the difficulties of Gynt was a task few American actors would dare.



#### FATHER AND SON

*Eminent Jewish Actors Who Have Found Vast Favor in Anglo-Saxonia*



# Jaunts Into Brightest England

*The Third of a Series of Adventures in the Homes of Britain's Literary Great*

SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO

By CARLTON MILES

**W**HAT prompted you to write *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*?"

"What causes anyone to write a play? It comes into your mind and you must write it. There is no question of escape. Mrs. Tanqueray is an old story. All I know is that I wrote it for no theatre and with no actress in mind. It was thought very daring when it was produced. It stirred a great amount of discussion. Today it would be considered old-fashioned."

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero disposed of an easy phrase of all the tradition that has grown up around his best-known play—that it was written for Mrs. Kendal, for Mrs. Campbell, for Olga Nethersole, for production at the St. James's Theatre in London where it was produced first twenty-nine years ago last May. He pointed to the large, autographed portrait of Eleanor Duse that hung on the wall of his studio.

"You know," he said, "Duse played it all over the world. I have been grateful to her always. Tell me, did you see her in Italy? Is she still as marvelous as ever?"

## FORTY YEARS IN THE THEATRE

**I**NTerview of formal question and answer fell at once into a jumble of anecdote, pronouncement, reminiscence of forty years in the theatre.

"The playwright who wishes to do sincere, serious work finds that all his public wants are crook plays and revues. Even Galsworthy has had to write a crook play, in *Loyalties*. Being Galsworthy, it is, of course, a fine play. I sometimes think I was the originator of the crook drama. One of my earliest pieces, *The Money Spinner*, written in 1880, has all the elements—missing will, murders and the qualities that are popular today." He laughed and poked the fire. The face became grave. "The theatre in England is in a bad way. The war has brutalized audiences. The people who go to be entertained do not wish to think. I doubt if we shall get a different type of audience this generation. We must wait for the children of today to form the audiences of tomorrow before we can hope for change. It is a discouraging thing for the playwright to face."

No better reflection of our present storm and stress in the modern drama can be obtained than in a meeting with the elderly men who have written for or about the theatre all their lives. I recall hearing two middle-aged dramatic critics talking in the lobby of a New York theatre at the production of a Shakespeare drama, done in the most advanced manner. "Do you know what they are driving at?" asked the elder. "No, I don't," answered the other in the frank tone no critic is supposed to use.

"Well, if we say so, they'll call us old fossils," was the retort of the first.

There is tragedy in watching the theatre go by and in comprehending one's inability to readjust viewpoint. Remember *The Lie*, in which Henry Arthur Jones strove bravely to keep up with the procession? Try as he would, he could not blow the breath of life into the puppets he had fashioned in



Courtesy E. P. Dutton Co.

## SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO

Today sixty-seven years old, the famous author of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* has given forty-eight plays to the theatre. One of the most recent of his comedies, *The Enchanted Cottage*, new to this country, is promised for Broadway production this Spring.

what he evidently thought was the manner of the day. They still were the characters of the middle nineties although their setting was the setting of twenty years later. Somewhat pathetically they endeavored not to ask for sympathy, to face reality, all their hopes crumbling as they lined up for an old-fashioned "big scene." They still were the automata of the well-made play.

## INFLUENCE OF THE PINERO SCHOOL

**A** MEETING with Sir Arthur Wing Pinero establishes a similar feeling. Since the days when he freed the English stage by the realism of Paula and her problem, he has watched the drama march forward. "I often think we have overestimated the importance of Pinero," one of the best of the younger English poets told me. "I have been alienated by the pedantic, unreal quality of the dialogue. I have fought against the Pinero school. But when I am calm and disposed to dismiss

prejudice, it seems to me that no other person exerted the helpful influence that he did on the English stage when—the Tom Robertson of the nineties—he wrote *Mrs. Tanqueray* and freed us from the thralldom of excess and melodrama."

It is not a surprise to find pessimism toward present-day conditions lurking in the Pinero conversation. You suspect he will continue writing plays. Even now a new drama has been announced in London. You further suspect that his heart is as much in them as before; you are certain he feels his hold on his public has relaxed. He speaks of "my little play"—*The Enchanted Cottage*, then running in London—and says rather sadly: "Here the people only understand what they see. They do not bring imagination to the theatre. They did not comprehend what I was trying to do. Seriousness is not wanted."

Pinero lives in the Street of Surgeons—Harley—although you gain entrance on Devonshire Street as directions stated. That is one of London's delightful mysteries. To find the address on one highway, you must go to the other. A substantial, unpretentious house, standing with others in a row of similar buildings. A narrow, comfortable hallway, an ascent up stairs that turn with several landings, a walk down another hallway and a large study, the walls lined with hundreds of books above which are clustered row upon row of celebrities' photographs, a bright fire burning, a stoutish elderly man turning to greet you, a cordial handshake and the business of the interview.

## STILL YOUNG AND MENTALLY KEEN

**I**T should be said at once that if you attempt an interview you fail. To interview Pinero is impossible. For years he has dodged the London questioners. "If you see Pinero, it will be an achievement," said a British critic. "He is a miracle of secretiveness." Discretion possibly rather than secretiveness. A conversation with the dramatist is a game of mental tennis. He has returned your serve with a quick, double twist that sends the ball of discussion out of bounds. Strive as you will, he reaches advantage at once and takes the game with a smile that comes of the surety of practice. He will talk on American conditions, Reinhardt, Duse, Augustin Daly, the new plays, Charles Frohman, the war. Touch his own work and he grows reticent.

For a man who has been writing in the theatre for more than two-score years, Sir Arthur looks comparatively youthful. He has the ability of the European to seem fifty when he has grown to seventy. Of medium height, slightly stout, his Hebraic ancestry written plainly on his ruddy face,

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Portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARILYN MILLER

*Who Has Started on A Three-Year Tour of Mid-Western Cities With Her Phenomenal Success "Sally"*



# Stanislavsky—The Man and His Methods

*A Glimpse of the Head of the Moscow Art Theatre and the Secret of His Success*

By RICHARD BOLESLAWSKY

*FIFTEEN years as an artist of the Moscow Art Theatre and for ten years director of the Art Theatre Studio—the official training-school of recruits for Stanislavsky's famous company of players—gives the writer of this article ample authority to deal with his subject. The world-wide fame of these Russian artists and, particularly, their remarkable reception in this country, under the auspices of Morris Gest, has created a storm of praise and comment. In the following article Mr. Boleslawsky reveals, for the first time, the reasons underlying this success—the scientific principles of the great artist Constantin Stanislavsky, founder and director of the Moscow Art Theatre, and the manner in which those principles are applied in the most famous theatre of our day—THE EDITORS.*

AS pupil and disciple for fifteen years, I have sat at the feet of the man whom I consider one of the great living geniuses of the theatre,—Constantin Stanislavsky. As an artist of the company I have been privileged to study his methods; as a director of the Moscow Art Theatre Studio I have helped to pass those methods on to a younger generation of players. Having learned and taught the principles that have contributed to the success of this organization I am, perhaps, in a position to disclose the basic elements of that success—for there are determining factors too subtle or intangible to be recorded. The first factor is—tradition.

You may be surprised to know that the Moscow Art Theatre, although it has been in existence for over twenty years, has played—outside of Moscow, and I do not speak of the rest of Europe—in only four of the principal cities of Russia—Odessa, Kiev, Warsaw, and Petrograd. In spite of this fact its reputation has extended into every remote village and hamlet of that vast land. People come from the ends of Russia to spend a day or night in Moscow for the sole purpose of witnessing a performance. On the anniversaries of its founding letters and telegrams of congratulation literally swamp the offices of the theatre. It has become a Russian institution and like all great institutions it is permeated with the dominant personality—the ideas and ideals—of the man who is its founder.

This is the first reason for success. No company of players can be great without tradition, that element of co-operation and unity that went into the founding of the Théâtre Antoine, the Comédie Française, and your own Wallack's and Daly's Theatres. There can be no excellence where there is no permanency. A company that is organized today, plays tomorrow, and disbands the day after—its players going their separate ways, into other equally transient ventures—can never hope to achieve a lasting fame.

Most of the present artists of our company have been with the organization for the past fifteen years and more. They know each other, down to each eccentricity

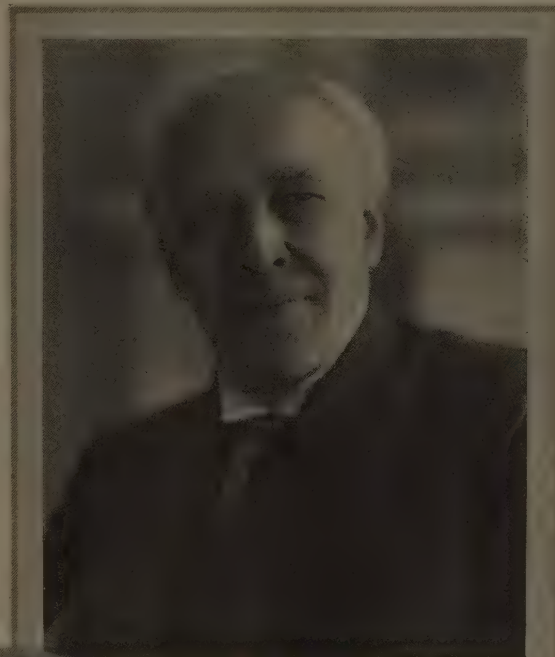
pany has, in the past few years, become a self-supporting theatre, occupying a separate building and presenting its own repertoire of plays, but its main purpose is, of course, to act as a training-school for the Art Theatre.

As they matriculate, these new players are each placed under the surveillance of one of the older artists, who acts as a sort of moral, ethical, and physical mentor. What they learn from the director is supplemented by the advice and encouragement of their particular guardian. In this way they soon learn the traditions of their environment, the respect due to seniority, the rigid rules of conduct and hygiene, and best of all, the fact that the theatre does not pander to personal vanity, but offers a serious ambition to the man or woman qualified to meet its requirements. Stanislavsky should be honored, if for nothing else, for the fact that he has lifted the actor out of his former position of the buffoon, into the sphere of a creative artist. To do this he instills into the hearts and souls of his players a deep respect for the theatre as an institution.

## DEVOTION TO ART

TO illustrate how well he has accomplished the foregoing I am reminded of an incident that occurred during the stormy days of the Revolution. The people of Moscow were literally starving and only the principal public buildings were able to secure fuel for heating purposes. Wood was not at all plentiful and the populace were using scraps of furniture, everything imaginable, to keep their homes livable. One of the few places in town which was comfortably warm was the Moscow Art Theatre and someone suggested that the players sleep and eat in the theatre until things got better. The artists angrily refused. I remember Koreneva, now playing with the company, was particularly vehement in her denunciation of the idea. The theatre had become for them a sacred place where they would no more think of bringing their beds and lunch baskets than they would take them into a church. Call them temperamental children, whatever you like, the fact remains that they pre-

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CONSTANTIN STANISLAVSKY

Founder and head of the Moscow Art Theatre Players, whose supreme artistry has astonished the world. (Inset) Richard Boleslawsky, director of the Moscow Art Theatre Studio and author of the accompanying article.



of speech and gesture, with the result that they play together to the full advantage of their individual abilities. No one is a greater 'star' than any other—with the possible exception of Stanislavsky himself, whom I consider one of the greatest of comedians. No rôle, to them, is inferior to any other for, as Stanislavsky insists, there are no bad parts, only bad actors.

To give you an idea of the importance Stanislavsky places upon this *esprit-de-corps* of his company, it might be interesting to explain the initial steps taken by the new player. Each recruit first becomes a member of the Studio company and is given individual instruction. The Studio com-



# Secrets

*A Play In Prologue, Three Acts and Epilogue by Rudolf Besier and May Edgington*

*MR. BESIER, author of "Don," remembered as one of the few successes of the New Theatre, and Miss Edgington, an English short-story writer, have won a substantial hit with this charming comedy of an understanding wife, whose strength lies beneath her soft and placid manner as tempered steel. The play, with high humor, adventure and some fine dramatic moments, spins the everlasting tale of true love. The condensation printed here is by courtesy of Mr. Sam H. Harris. Copyright: Rudolph Besier and May Edgington.*

## THE CAST

(As produced by Mr. Sam H. Harris at the  
Fulton Theatre.)

### IN PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE

Lady Carlton	Margaret Lawrence
Lady Lessington	Barbara Allen
Audrey Carlton	Mignon O'Doherty
John Carlton	Shirley B. Pink
Robert Carlton	Horace Cooper
Dr. Arbuthnot	Frazer Coulter
Nurse Martin	Nora Ryan

### ACT I. 1867

Mary Marlowe	Margaret Lawrence
Mrs. Marlowe	Mrs. Edmund Gurney
Elizabeth Channing	Lillian Brennard
Susan	Mary Scott Seton
William Marlowe	Orlando Daly
John Carlton	Tom Nesbitt

### ACT II. 1870

Mary Carlton	Margaret Lawrence
Dr. McGovern	Elmer Grandin
Bob	Norman Houston
John Carlton	Tom Nesbitt

### ACT III. 1888

Mary Carlton	Margaret Lawrence
Mrs. Marlowe	Mrs. Edmund Gurney
Elizabeth Channing	Lillian Brennard
Mrs. Eustace Mainwaring	Diantha Pattison
Blanche	Beatrice Kay
Audrey	Cynthia Hyde
John	Shirley B. Pink
Robert	Clay Kennedy
William Marlowe	Orlando Daly
Briggs	Allen Jenkins
John Carlton	Tom Nesbitt

THE prologue (1922) takes place in London, the setting showing a dressing-room adjoining Sir John Carlton's bedroom. Sir John is ill and his children, Lady Lessington, Audrey Carlton, John and Robert Carlton are awaiting news from the sickroom.

LADY LESSINGTON: Oh, this dreadful waiting! Sir Gilbert said this new treatment of his ought to show some definite result in an hour. It's now three hours since he—

AUDREY: (In her clear-cut, opinionated voice) Personally, I've no faith whatever in Sir Gilbert and his special treatment, though, of course, one had to try it. When a man's seventy-seven and gets double pneumonia, the only treatment which can save him is a miracle.

ROBERT: Oh, for heaven's sake, Audrey!—

AUDREY: (With soft vehemence) He's simply made a slave of mother. A little slave. Two nurses—and neither allowed to do a hand's turn for him that he could prevent. Mother must fetch and carry; mother must feed him; mother must sit with him; mother must hold his hand! If she was away five consecutive minutes, it was always: "Mary, come here, I want you." JOHN: Not such a bad thing for a woman to hear, if you ask me.

AUDREY: (With a scornful look at him) All his life it's been the same. She's always been his slave.

LADY L.: The fault of her generation, my dear. Women of her time simply didn't know how to manage life. When they married, they gave themselves up body and soul, to the man. Darling mummy! It was just the fault of her day.

DOCTOR: I'm an old man, dear lady, and in my profession I see marriage in all its aspects.

I see it alive and I see it dead. I see it beautiful and I see it ugly; battered and whole—and I know really nothing about it. For every separate marriage is a separate mystery. Men and women come to doctors, and they tell them secrets about marriage. But the innermost secrets they never tell. They couldn't if they tried. For in every marriage there are secrets



Kesslere

Act I. Mary dons the crinoline.

which only one man and one woman know—only one man and one woman. (Briskly) Well now, I am going to bring Lady Carlton in here. And I want to ask you all not to worry her with questions or advice or attention, but just leave her to me.

Mary Carlton enters. She is wonderfully erect, a vigorous old lady of seventy-three. She moves in silence, a step or two, and the children turn to her. The doctor places her in a chair and instructs her to rest. The young people leave her.

MARY: (To the doctor) But you'll see—you'll see that the door is kept a little open—

Assured that, should her husband wake, she will be immediately called, Mary Carlton relaxes and presently drifts into slumber.

Act I. 1867. Mary Marlowe's bedroom in her parents' home at Blackheath. The room is simple and virginal. Mary is before her dressing-table with Susan, a maid, in attendance.

SUSAN: (After working a while in silence) And is it going to be a really grand party tonight, Miss Mary?

MARY: Grand? (A little distraught) Yes, Susan, yes, I think so.

SUSAN: I heard the mistress telling Miss Channing yesterday—

MARY: (Interrupting her with subdued excitement) Ssh! There! Wasn't that the postman's knock?

SUSAN: 'No, Miss Mary, only the scullery door slamming. 'Arriet can't shut a door quietly. You can talk yourself 'oarse, it makes no difference—

MARY: Open the door, Susan, please, and leave it ajar. Then we shall be certain to hear.

SUSAN: Yes, Miss Mary. Oh, Miss Mary dear, doesn't your 'eart go all of a flutter at this time o' the day when you're expecting the young gentlemen's billydoo's?

MARY: (After a little pause) Susan!

SUSAN: Yes, Miss?

MARY: (Earnestly) I'm getting more and more uneasy at having drawn you—into all this—

SUSAN: La, Miss, you didn't draw me into it. I came to your 'elp all on my own and with a willing 'eart. When I saw how you and the young gentleman were taken with each other—and I couldn't help noting, now could I? The way he'd meet us again and again when you and me were out shopping—and the way I'd seen 'im often of a night standing outside the 'ouse, or even getting into the garden to look up at your window—and the way you'd blush all rosy when you saw 'im—

Mary's conscience will not be quieted.

SUSAN: (Almost hysterical) And your billydoo's, Miss! If Mr. Carlton doesn't send them to you, addressed to me, how are you to get them? Your pa and ma'd soon 'ave suspicions if they saw letters coming for you every day—

MARY: But when a thing's wrong—(knock is heard faintly off—the rat-tat of a postman's knock) There! That was the post!

Before Susan has returned with the masquerading "billy-doo's," Mrs. Marlowe, accompanied by her maiden sister, Miss Channing, enter, in ball attire.

MARY: (To cover Susan's flustered return) Mamma, is—is my hair right?

MISS CHANNING: Perfectly lovely, darling.

MRS. MARLOWE: (Who has been examining Mary's coiffeur with her head first on one side, then on the other) Pray, allow me, Eliza. (To Susan) Pull the first curl on the left a leetle lower, Susan, a leetle lower—that's better. (Goes up-stage) Not that we shall ever make much of Miss Mary's hair! I can't think, child, where you got that dreadfully crude color from. Certainly not from my side of the family.

MISS CHANNING: All the best modern artists greatly admire that color hair. (Mary squeezes Susan's hand).





(Above) In the days of the Page Stock Company, Washington and Baltimore.

(Top) Jane, three years old, in the backyard, Back Bay.

(Above) Catherine Darwin in *The Gamblers*, at the Maxine Elliott, in 1910.

(Oval) Mooneyen, the heroine of *Smilin' Through*, at the Broadhurst.



(Above) The beguiling house-maid of *Common Clay*, at the Republic, 1915.



(Above) The victimized Mary Turner of *Within the Law*, at the Eltinge, 1913.



(Circle) Jane Cowl as Jeannine in *Lilac Time*, at the Republic, 1917.

Motif by Lyman Brown

## BIOGRAPHICAL PAGE—No. 7 JANE COWL

Born in Boston—a thoroughgoing American product—Miss Cowl, often called the most beautiful woman of the native stage, came to New York and in 1904 made her début with Belasco in *Sweet Kitty Bellaires*, remaining under his management for five years. She first starred in *Is Matrimony A Failure?*, but by the distinction of her Mary Turner in the super crook play *Within the Law*, (1913), Miss Cowl began her steadily triumphant climb through such great successes as *Common Clay*, (1915); *Lilac Time*, (1917); *Smilin' Through*, (1919-1922), to her present eminence as a memorable and enchanting Juliet, in the Selwyn production of the Shakespearean love drama. She is an active influence in her profession and a supporting director of the Equity Players.



MRS. MARLOWE: The best modern artists? Are you by any chance alluding to that set of irreligious, immoral young men who call themselves the something-or-other brotherhood?

MISS CHANNING: I've never heard of the "Something-or-other" brotherhood. I was alluding to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—Mr. Millais, Mr. Rossetti—Mr.—

MRS. MARLOWE: Eliza, please! Not in my daughter's bedroom. (*Miss Channing tosses her head*) Susan, the wreath!

SUSAN: Yes, mum.

The wreath and the crinoline are finally donned.

MRS. MARLOWE: I believe I could take in another inch, my love. (*She does so, while Mary gasps*) There's nothing like a small waist to win admiration—proper admiration—as I have so often told you—there! (*Stands back and surveys the effect while Susan hooks the frock behind*).

MARLOWE: (*Off*) I must see your daughter this instant! (*They all stand petrified. Miss Channing emits a startled "Gracious!" Mary's parent flings open the door and strides in, coming to a halt a few paces from her.*)

MARLOWE: So, Miss!

MRS. MARLOWE: Oh, William, what has she done?

MARLOWE: Your daughter, Alice, has been grossly and systematically deceiving her parents. She has entered into a disgraceful entanglement—

MRS. MARLOWE: Who is it, William?

MARLOWE: Young Carlton.

MRS. MARLOWE: Oh! Oh! MARY! A mere clerk in your father's office!

MARY: (*Tremulously, breathlessly, but courageously*) A clerk— but n-n-not a mere clerk.

Susan at this point sits upon the bed and achieves a fine attack of the "high-strikes." Her part in the perfidy is soon out, and she is dismissed in disgrace.

MARLOWE: Now, Miss, what have you to say for yourself?

MARY: Nothing, papa.

MARLOWE: Nothing? We shall see about that. Nothing! That and similar impudence was all I could get out of the young scoundrel when I confronted him with your last shameless letter this afternoon.

MARY: (*In a whisper*) My letter—

MARLOWE: Your last shameless letter—a love-letter, wife. Of the most brazen description. There were twenty-five crosses after the signature.

MRS. MARLOWE: (*Horried*) Not twenty-five!

MARY: (*Faintly*) How—how did you get my letter?

MARLOWE: You may well ask, Miss—(*with impressive solemnity*) There are people, I understand, who doubt the existence of Divine Providence. I have had a marvelous proof of its working today. Young Williams, who sits next to this scoundrel, at the office, found a letter on the floor. He picked it up and glanced at it. That was enough. The honest lad saw where his duty lay. Without a moment's hesitation he brought the letter to me.

MARY: (*Breathlessly, but distinctly*) Mr. Williams is jealous of John. John told me so,

and Mr. Williams is only too glad—too glad to hurt him—he wants John's place.

MARLOWE: (*Grimly*) And he has it, Miss. He has it.

MARY: (*Tremulously*) Oh, papa, what have you done?

MARLOWE: When I confronted him with your letter and asked for an explanation, he point blank refused to give me one. So I wrote a check for his week's salary and dismissed him then and there. And would you believe it, Alice—he had the insolence to take the check from me, tear it across and throw it upon the floor. (*Miss Channing has been all the while in the background, silent, but closely following all that has been said. Now suddenly she starts vigorously clapping her hands as though at a public performance. Comes down to Mary. Loudly and enthusiastically*):

MISS CHANNING: Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! (*Marlowe and his wife stare at her in wrathful*



White

Act 2. John: "I'd just come in from the cow-pen and my wife said, 'Baby's not well.'"

amazement. Mary looks straight before her with a proud little smile on her lips).

MARLOWE: Now, Mary, I must insist on your making a clean breast of everything.

MARY: (*Quietly*) Very well, papa.

MRS. MARLOWE: What I don't understand is, how you became acquainted with this young man. You were certainly never introduced to him—and how can one possibly become acquainted without an introduction?

MARY: (*In a low voice, not looking at either of them*) We—first met last May at your office, papa.

MARLOWE: At my office?

MARY: Yes, papa. Mamma and I were fetching you home in the victoria. We went into the office for a moment or two. As we were going into your room, I—I dropped my parasol, and Mr. Carlton picked it up, and handed it to me. (*A pause*) And—and we looked at each other.

MRS. MARLOWE: (*After another pause*) Well, Mary?

MARY: Just that. We—looked at each other—and I loved him—and he loved me.

MARLOWE: (*With heavy sarcasm*) This, Alice, appears to be a case for the doctor. How often have you met this young man?

MARY: Eighteen times, papa.

MRS. MARLOWE: Eighteen!

MARLOWE: Ssh! (*To Mary*) Where?

MARY: Sometimes in the street—and—sometimes in the garden.

MRS. MARLOWE: Oh!

MARLOWE: In *this* garden?

MARY: Yes, papa.

MARLOWE: I never heard of such audacity in all my life! And how often have you corresponded, Miss.

MARY: Every day since our second meeting—and sometimes oftener.

MRS. MARLOWE: Oftener!

MARLOWE: Oftener! How could you write oftener than once a day?

MARY: Twice.

After a round lecture, Mary's parents depart, her mother and aunt to the ball, her father to his room. The door is locked and Mary is ordered to bed. She brings from hiding John's letters from the latest post. Suddenly the door opens and Miss Channing reappears with food. She speaks in an excited undertone.

MISS CHANNING: Darling. I was just going into the garden to fetch the ladder which Bartlett has left standing against the pear-tree.

MARY: The ladder!

MISS CHANNING: Yes, the ladder. I meant to carry it to the house and climb in at this window.

MARY: Oh, auntie.

MISS CHANNING: Then it struck me that your dear papa, being such a clever man, might have left the key in the lock. And so he had.

She whispers the disquieting news that Mary's parents plan to pack her off to the home of some dismal relatives next day.

John whistles in the garden. Mary maneuvers Miss Channing from the room and going to the window, directs him to the ladder. A few moments later he is in the room. When she lights a candle, John becomes speechless at Mary's loveliness in her crinoline. Later, he outlines his plan to sail for America in three days.

After that, he says, there will be rough living, no luxuries, a crude and even dangerous life in the new country.

MARY: (*Dreamily*) Yes, John.

JOHN: Well? Well? (*In a hoarse whisper*).

Mary's entranced answer is that she thinks it all too beautiful. They decide to leave at once. Mary changes to a heavy dress and boots and through the window starts with John for America.

Act II. 1870. A two-room shack in Wyoming. A baby's cradle on the floor. Mary, in coarse clothing, is preparing food, ironing, and watching over the baby to whom she croons a soft lullaby. John arrives with the country doctor, who examines the child.



Hutchinson



EDWARD VAN-SLOAN

Playing his first rôle on Broadway as Crawford Boswell in *Polly Preferred*. This ingratiating young actor created the part of the Motion Picture Director, in Cleveland, with the Metropolitan Stock, where Winchell Smith and Guy Bolton saw and engaged him for the New York cast.



EDWARD ROBINSON

This clever actor who was born in Bucharest and graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, has given us notable portraitures in *The Deluge*, and other dramas. He is now playing Von Eberkopf and The Button Moulder in the Theatre Guild's production of *Peer Gynt*.

MANART KIPPEN

(Top circle) Appeared effectively as the evil genius of *Johannes Kreisler*, which ended its brief existence in February. Previous to that, he was with Lionel Atwell in his vaudeville venture, *The White-Faced Fool*.



Murray

SELENA ROYLE

A young, blonde, New York beauty who has created a charming Solveig in the Guild's *Peer Gynt*. She is the daughter of the playwright-actor, Milton Royle, and was introduced to the stage in her father's *Lancelot and Elaine*.



Bruguiere

DENNIS KING

Came from England where he was one of the members of the Drinkwater Theatre in Birmingham. Before he joined Jane Cowl to play Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*, he was in *Back to Methuselah*.



White

JESSIE RALPH

A sterling actress now seen as The Nurse in the Selwyn production of *Romeo and Juliet*, and but lately with the Equity Players in *Malvaloca*, and before that as Lizzie, a part created by May Vokes, in *The Bat*.

## HITS OF THE MONTH

*Players Who Have Brought Distinction to Their Rôles in Recent Productions*



DOCTOR: Wait a minute—you just fix me up with a hot drink, Mrs. Carlton—and don't you go imagining horrors. *(He gets out his thermometer, etc., and continues the examination).* JOHN: I'd just come in from the cow pen and my wife said to me, "Baby's not well," and I took him on my knee and for about the first time I couldn't stop him crying. He always stops crying when I take him—

MARY: Or when I do, just the same. I've only to pick him up and *(Her voice breaks on a sob. John mutely caresses her)* He—he's so quiet and heavy and—sleepy.

The doctor assures Mary that the child will be all right. When he is gone, John, fearing a raid on the shack, decides to tell Mary something of his situation. He finds it rather hard to explain.

MARY: *(Softly and shyly)* John, are you trying to tell me about the lynching of Red Jake and his two sons?

JOHN: *(Hoarsely, turning on her)* Good God! What do you know about it?

MARY: I think I know everything.

JOHN: *(Dumbfounded)* Everything?

MARY: *(Demurely)* Yes, John.

JOHN: Who told you?

MARY: Bob.

JOHN: *(Furiously)* Bob! He had my orders not to breathe a word of the brutal story to you.

MARY: *(Too absorbed and excited to note his tone)* He told me all about those cattle thieves, and how you'd wormed your way into their confidence. How all alone you'd gone to Red Jake's shack in the mountains, and with your life in your hands, tricked him into taking you on as one of his accomplices. That big plan you laid before them for rounding up a whole herd of cattle—*(Exclamation from John)* Bob told me all about it. Red Jake, whom nobody had ever got the better of—you deceived him and tricked him and caught him red-handed—Bob said it was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened. He said, if somebody hadn't blundered, the whole gang would have been captured. And afterwards, the others wanted to hand Red Jake over to the sheriff, but Bob said you wouldn't have it. You insisted on hanging them at once. And Red Jake and his two sons were hanged then and there. And it was all your doing. Oh, John, how dreadful it must have been for you! But oh, I'm so, so proud of my husband!

JOHN: *(Who has been staring at her, his eyes starting from his head)* Proud of me—well, if that doesn't lick Creation.

Bob, the hired-man, arrives breathless, with the news that Red Jake's gang is surrounding the shack. In a moment, the tiny shack becomes a fortress. All take guns, Mary moves the baby into an adjoining room and the silence that precedes attack falls on them all. Soon there are shots and a voice off stage calls John to come out if he wishes the others to be spared.

John makes ready to go, when Mary calls an answer to the men outside:

MARY: *(Wildly—at the top of her voice)* Come and fetch us if you damned well can.

A shot from outside breaks the lamp.

JOHN: *(To Mary)* Now you've done it!

MARY: *(Terrified, yet smiling)* Yes, John.

The trio defend themselves successfully for some time. Mary gives John a saucepan of hot water and when one of the invaders gets too close, he flings it from the window. A yell from outside follows.

MARY: The water was—quite boiling, dear.

BOB: Gettin' close, they are.

JOHN: Shoot, man! Shoot!

BOB: No go. Couldn't reach 'em with this. *(Indicates revolver)* Long shots from over the ridge, those were. Can jest spot the skunk layin' on his belly. Your rifle, Boss.

JOHN: Right. *(Turns to get it and perceives Mary, wide-eyed with fear, lifting the gun from the wall)* Mary, go back!

MARY: No, dear, don't leave your post. I'll give him the gun.



While

Act. 3. Audrey: But Mamma, what were you doing all through the fight?

BOB: *(To Mary)* Don't cross the room, Marm. It ain't safe. *(Mary, the revolver in one hand, gun in other, crosses to Bob, carefully keeping clear of the window. Two shots follow. A canister drops from the mantelpiece. Mary, with a stifled scream, crouches beneath the window).*

JOHN: Stay where you are, Mary.

BOB: Gad! Damn and blast their souls!

*(There is a heavy crash against the shutters. All three cry out together).*

JOHN: Hell! They've got us.

Bob is busy defending the window. Suddenly Mary sees the bedroom door, which she had shut, cautiously being opened. A man steals in with levelled revolver. Mary shoots. The man staggers and falls forward on his face. Mary drops her revolver and still on her knees, stares at the dead man, her face frozen in horror. A rapid exchange of shots from outside and John speaks hoarsely:

JOHN: What—what's it mean?

BOB: It's the boys—the boys are on 'em.

JOHN: *(To Mary, who has never stirred)* D'you hear, sweetheart—we're saved? *(Fails to realize her frozen immobility and turns again to the window)* Look at the curs skeddaddling. *(Turning)* Mary—Mary—we're saved, dear!

Mary sways and collapses on the floor.

JOHN: Mary—Mary—God! She's hit. Bob, she's hit—she's dead.

BOB: *(Who has hurried up to them from the window)* Oh, Lord God! Oh, Lord God!

JOHN: No—no, darling—don't die. Don't leave me—don't go. I want you. What's the use of me without you—darling, darling, come back. I want you.

DOCTOR: *(Off stage)* Hello, in there! It's McGovern.

The doctor examines Mary, finds she is in a faint, with a broken arm. When she is conscious again—

DOCTOR: Well, young people, that was a mighty close shave. I came across the boys by the Peak, or I wouldn't be here. Now Mrs. Carlton—You've got a broken arm, and I'm going to set it. It will hurt a little.

MARY: Oh, I shan't mind that if—if John holds me.

JOHN: I'll hold you, sweetheart, I'll hold you tight. *(She looks smilingly up into his face as the curtain falls).*

Act III. 1888. The drawing-room of Sir John Carlton's London house in Portchester Terrace, on Mary's birthday. She sits in an armchair near the fireplace, surrounded by her growing children. She has been telling them stories of pioneer days in America.

AUDREY: But, Mamma, what were you doing all through the fight?

MARY: I was looking after Johnny, dear. He was only six months old.

BLANCHE: I bet you got into bed with him and covered your head with the bed clothes. I should have.

JOHN: Well, Mamma didn't. If it hadn't been for her, we should all have been murdered.

MARY: *(Startled)* But Johnny, dear—

ROBERT: What do you know about it?

JOHN: *(With a grin)* Well, wasn't I there?

AUDREY: Don't be a silly. You were only six months old. How could he have known, mummy?

MARY: *(Rather flushed)* I didn't know your father had told you of the incident, dear. Of course, Wyoming was a very rough country in those days and—and—things happened which—which—we won't talk about.

JOHN: All right, Mamma, don't be scared. I won't give away the—gory details.

Mary's parents and Miss Channing are announced. Affectionate greetings are exchanged.

MARY: *(Looking around at everybody)* I don't know, mamma dear, if you've noticed how my hands glitter today. A sadly vulgar display, I'm afraid. It's only in strict privacy and on great occasions like today that I—glitter. I've a lot more beautiful rings like them. And each of them marks a great step in our fortunes. John has always given me a ring when he brought off some really big thing. This for

*(Concluded on page 54)*





Portrait by Nickolas Muray

ADELE ASTAIRE

*Than Whom—The Critics Have It—There is No More Captivating Young Dancer on Broadway*



# THE SCREEN

## CLAYTON HAMILTON'S PAGE OF MOTION-PICTURE COMMENT AND REVIEW

THE requirements, both personal and technical, for popularity and eminence on the stage and on the screen are so basically different that few actresses or actors have succeeded equally in both of these domains. People who still continue to regard the "movies" with contempt are fond of stating that not more than half a dozen of the famous stars of the screen could acquit themselves with credit on the stage; and there is a considerable amount of truth in this conventional assertion. Perhaps a large majority of those performers who comport themselves before the camera as finished artists would, if set behind the footlights, betray a woeful lack of vocal training and an unfortunate inexperience in commanding and holding and guiding the emotions of a gathered audience. But, on the other hand, it is at least equally true that scarcely more than half a dozen of the famous stars of the stage could acquit themselves with more than ordinary credit on the screen. The voice is of no avail in the silent drama; and many an experienced stage-actor who can play upon an audience as on a violin becomes mechanical and ineffective beneath a battery of Klieg lights and before the cold eye of the camera.

Mrs. Fiske and Maxine Elliott and Ethel Barrymore were failures on the screen: so also, though in a slightly less degree, were Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar. And whenever people say that Mary Pickford was a failure on the speaking stage and that the operatic stage would obviously be beyond her reach, it ought to be remembered, in all fairness, that, in her own domain, she easily excelled these eminent artists from the other regions. And if Douglas Fairbanks seems a better actor on the screen than he ever seemed upon the stage, this fact should not be warped to the discredit of the "movies" as a medium: it should merely be accepted as an indication that Mr. Fairbanks has found his *métier*.

### FILM ACTING TECHNIQUE

WHEN Otis Skinner was making his first—and, thus far, his only—screen-appearance, in the excellent motion picture version of *Kismet*, he used to drive around to my house in Hollywood, to discuss the details of the adventure. He told me that his main difficulty in performing for the camera the same character that he had already performed for a thousand theatre-audiences was the problem of recomposing the part, both in terms of time and in terms of spaciousness. In the first place, he had learned that the *tempo* of acting for the camera was necessarily much slower and more deliberate than that of acting for an actual audience; and he had learned, also, in the second place, that every movement, every gesture, every detail of facial expression must be proportioned more

delicately and more reticently for the screen than for the stage.

Perhaps the essence of the matter is that the cold eye of the camera is more minute, more meticulous, more searching, and more intimate than the warm and affable and eager and enthusiastic eyes of an assembled human audience. And, furthermore, there is the arch-important scientific fact that the lens of the camera magnifies what it sees, whereas the natural eye does not. Behind the footlights, in the speaking theatre, the actor's face is never made to look any larger, nor any closer to the spectator, than it actually is; but in the "movies," the face of the performer—in what is technically termed a "close-up"—is frequently magnified until it is made to occupy the entire screen. Although, by custom, the conveyed illusion has come to seem natural enough, it remains a calculable fact that, in a "close-up", a human face often measures fifteen feet from the forehead to the chin and that the casual batting of an eyelid may cause a gesture that sweeps through two or three feet of actual space upon the screen. This, of course, is the technical reason why motion picture directors are required to exert so much of their energy in imploring their actors not to "act."

### THE QUALITY OF YOUTH

IT is also the reason why the motion picture must set upon the quality of youth an insistence which is so much greater than that which is required by the stage. Few women learn to act till they are over thirty; and the public that has always patronized the speaking theatre has always made allowance for this fact. But on the screen, where every little line in every face may be magnified to monstrous dimensions, most women begin to look old after they are twenty-five. The majority of the many millions who habitually patronize the "movies" are under twenty years of age: they cry out to the producers with the persistent and powerful call of "Youth to Youth": and they refuse, in general, to be interested in the psychologic or dramatic problems of mature-looking men or old-looking women. This is the cruel reason why so few screen stars, of either sex, who achieve an international popularity at the age of twenty, are able to retain it for more than half a dozen years. The devotees of the spoken drama will still go to hear Sarah Bernhardt at the age of eight-and-seventy; but the clientèle of the "close-up" evermore demands fresh faces—fifteen feet from chin to forehead—in which the cold eye of the camera can detect no indication of any slight subsidence from the primacy of youth.



The firmament of the screen has lately added to its constellations a star of the first magnitude by the tardy but sudden accession of Laurette Taylor; and—in view of the ground that has been summarily surveyed by the foregoing remarks—this summation must seem nearly as surprising to Miss Taylor as it will seem to the habituated motion picture public that, in the thoughtless eagerness of its affections, nearly always sets a greater premium on youth than it sets upon experience. While still young in years, as years are reckoned on the speaking stage, Miss Taylor has arrived at a maturity which almost makes astonishing the fact that the cold eye of the camera, in the closest of "close-ups," scientifically states that she is not a day over seventeen.

But even more astounding is the fact that, in her first appearance before the camera, Miss Taylor has at once and easily surpassed the artistic prowess of Mary Pickford, with whose admired and celebrated achievements her own may be most easily compared. In contravention of all previous precedents, an actress imported from the speaking stage has excelled, with her initial effort for the screen, the best acting of a similar sort which the "movies" had established throughout the patient toiling of a dozen years.

### PEG O' MY HEART

SEVERAL seasons ago, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation made a screen-version of *Peg O' My Heart*—that popular play by J. Hartley Manners which was directly responsible for the establishment of Laurette Taylor as a fixed star on the speaking stage; but this version has never been released, because it was discovered, somewhat tardily, that the corporation lacked a clear title to the motion picture rights. Without presuming to take sides in a matter of legal litigation that has subsided into history, it may now be said by a disinterested critic that the general public was very lucky in being kept waiting for an exploitation of this popular play upon the screen until Miss Taylor was ready to undertake the projection of the title part.

Miss Taylor's recomposition of the character of Peg is so cleverly adapted to the camera that the analytical observer will be immediately moved to assign to her full credit for the fact that *Peg O' My Heart*

(Continued on page 68)





Portrait by Charles Albin

### RICHARD BARTHELMESS

*As the Young Knickerbocker Aristocrat Who Finds Revolutionary Cuba a Lively Place in "The Bright Shawl", a Forthcoming Picture Based on the Hergesheimer Novel*



## Old and New Operas at the Metropolitan and Some Interesting Concerts

Conducted by KATHARINE LANE SPAETH

SINCE Tannhauser's rod had not blossomed at the Metropolitan for several seasons, the revival of Wagner's fairly human opera brought cheers and sighs of, "How pleasant to hear the overture in its place!"

As Gilbert Gabriel said so tersely in *The Sun*, "The overture, rolling as it has rolled from orchestra to orchestra, gathers no moss in proclaiming the staunchest of these themes and in sweeping them up to the bacchanale of the Paris-New York version."

Probably the excitement over *Tannhauser* centered in Maria Jeritza as Elizabeth. She looked as fragile and as evanescent as an Easter lily, but she behaved with more animation. Jeritza never forgets that the audience is looking as well as listening. If she sometimes sang a bit stridently, greeting her dear old ancestral halls, she moved always with velvet grace. When she swept her embroidered robes to shelter her knight in radiant defense, it was a gesture at once superb and appealing.

And, because anatomy means nothing to the Viennese singer, she placidly sang *Elizabeth's Prayer* lying prone. Prone is a word that really means just that. The Jeritza diaphragm is subject to no ordinary laws. It permits headtones to rise above floor pressure.

### A DISAPPOINTING TANNHAUSER

PERHAPS people were a trifle disappointed in the *Tannhauser* which Curt Taucher sang. He was ever so slightly sweet and ineffectual. But then, wasn't the hero? He escaped Venus merely to be overcome by derision and disapproval. A sturdy knight should decide and be something, shouldn't he? Repent with a lofty manner, or remain a sinner, would be our motto.

The scenery for the revival was somewhat drab. Prof. Hans Kautsky of Vienna, who did the sets for *The Dead City*, got no particular thrill from his thought of Venusberg. He conceived it in a sort of soda fountain mood, with Matzenauer exquisite in shell pink and an illusion of foam as the central figure. Her voice was luscious at times and frothy at others; her interpretation reminded me of a line in *The Clinging Vine*—that "Venus was a fine woman, but with high blood pressure."

Of course, *William Tell* returned to the opera house. Quoting Gilbert Gabriel again, "When all is said and sung, it is the apple, the arrow and the overture that are the holy trinity of *Guglielmo Tell*. Italian music to a German story was sung with De Luca as a gentle, pensive Tell, while Martinelli as Arnold was dapper and metal-shod.

Conferring immensity upon her immense aria, Ponselle did what she could with the

rôle of Mathilde. She had little chance for spontaneity, and nobody should expect it.

A delicately hoydenish Gemmy was Marie Sundelius, who can always sing any rôle with fresh tones that shimmer. The apple upon her head was shattered at precisely the right moment—the one moment of excitement and suspense that the opera knows.

The famous overture has become as

they see that she acts as the canned music advs. suggest, "keeps the young people in the home."

Most of Vittadini's score was watered Puccini, and with all obeisances to the popular Italian, his melodious utterances should not be copied with water. Blood is the medium if one must imitate, and even treacle which he tried, too, is no substitute for corpuscles.

Delia Reinhard made her début as Sieglinde, slim and gracious, singing with all the German tradition and none of the heaviness. More interesting was her Mimi in which the lighter tones of her flexible voice had greater opportunity, and her charm as an actress more scope.

Of course, Mimi in *La Bohème* is appealing only if you happen to sympathize with little ladies who never quite know their own minds, amorously. Miss Reinhard knows hers as an artist and that is enough. She even made Puccini's score sound important.

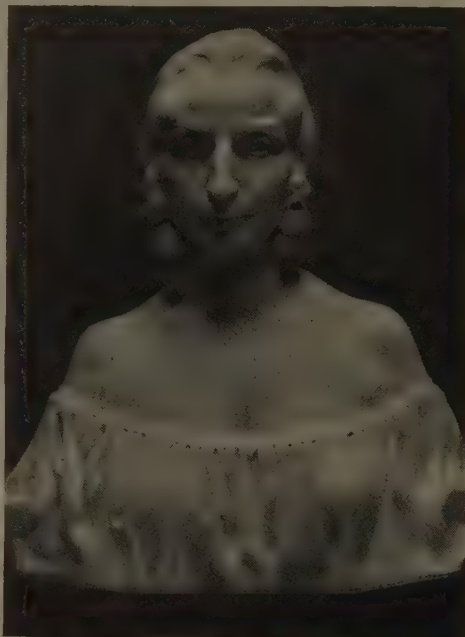
### TAYLOR'S SYMPHONIC POEM

FOR those who think florid airs are best, *Rigoletto* and *Lucia* with the *Barber of Seville* and *La Traviata* came back to the repertoire for the fleet voice of Amelita Galli-Curci. She has not been singing quite as well as usual. Deems Taylor suggests that she sue her breath for non-support. This may be flippant, but there is substance in it.

Substance was distinctly in Mr. Taylor's symphonic poem, *The Siren Song*, performed by the Philharmonic, with Henry Hadley at the helm. It was written eleven years ago, when Deems was a slip of a boy; but his composition has warmth and power. Founded upon a poem by Joseph Tiers, Jr., the vigor may be sketched by a single verse: "Half fainting on his deck, the wanderer Feels the soft fingers of the soulless voice Along his body's length And on his lips a mouth Clinging so close, he feels the pressing teeth."

The salty rocking of his opening sea theme paints a descriptive background for the intense incident ahead, wrote Gabriel. That sea tang carried through the whole of it, tossing with the theme of the siren's song and the wanderer's triumph, turning the grisly conflict with the succubus to an Odyssean heroism. Mr. Taylor orchestrated with sure craftsmanship. His themes have virility and his exposition was of sparkling lucidity.

Another American composer, Rubin Goldmark, had his *Negro Rhapsody* played from manuscript by the Philharmonic. His themes were based upon seven well-known spirituals, including: *Nobody knows the* (Concluded on page 52)



GALLI-CURCI

An extraordinarily animated and life-like bust of the singer chiselled in Italian marble by Mr. Allan Clark, the American sculptor.

much a part of the music for grateful recognizers as the *Tannhauser*. It is even easier to whistle. But the opera is amazingly long and dull, and without the stimulus of brilliant story or cajoling music. It is a sombre and immobile congregation of arias and choruses that are axiomatically great, and emotionally solidified. From the overture on—when the overture is in its lawful place—it marches on stilts of *patria* and *onore*.

### VITTADINI'S ANIMA ALLEGRA

NOVEL and piquant was the *Anima Allegra* by Vittadini to the libretto of Fratelli Quintero, which had its American première on February 15th. It is a simple story of Don Pedro, (sung by Lauri-Volpi), the only son, who hates to stay at home with the old folks, and just will go off to Granada for a time. Then his cousin, Consuelo, comes to visit the family. Lucrezia Bori was delicious as the Joyous Soul. Her frivolity gives Pedro's parents certain *arrière pensées*, but finally,



BARBARA KEMP

(At right)

A German soprano of great reputation heard for the first time in America at the Metropolitan where she lent her dramatically rich voice to the creation of *Mona Lisa*.



DELIA REINHARD

(Below)

A new Sieglinde on Mr. Gatti-Casazza's roster, who follows, earnestly and intelligently, in the best German tradition, and sings also with charm the music of Puccini.



MIECZYSLAW MUNZ

(Below)

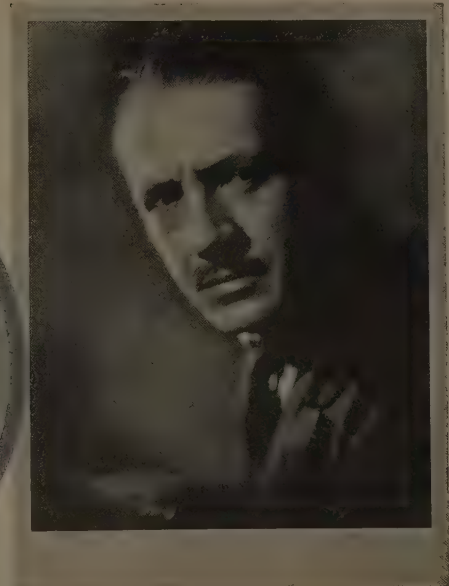
The young Pole who stirred the critics this winter with a unique musical personality and genuine virtuosity at the piano.



JACQUES THIBAUD

(Lower Right)

The French violinist, who in the several seasons of his concertizing in America has become known for his sane and finely tempered interpretations.



MARY MELLISH

(Circle)

One of the young and lovely sopranos without whom many of the well-worn and routiné operas would find it hard to hold the interest of habitués at the Metropolitan.



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PERSONAGES IN THE MUSIC WORLD

*Artists, Native and Imported, Who Dominate in Their Sphere this Spring*





© Underwood & Underwood

(Above) An all star troupe of Chinese players, nightly packing the Crescent in San Francisco with classic Chinese drama five-hours long and a ten-hour epic on Saturdays. The orchestral accompaniment is continuous.



© Underwood & Underwood

(Above) Fairy god-parents held young Elena Antoinette Schipa to the sacramental waters at this operatic christening. In the picture are Mrs. Schipa, Father Grassi, Titta Ruffo, Mme. Calli-Curci and Tita Schipa, Chicago's fine lyric tenor.



© Underwood & Underwood

(Right) The Russians took a holiday recently and went to see David Warfield's Shylock. Morris Gest, his father-in-law Belasco, Stanislavsky, Warfield, Mary Servoss and Balieff, of the Chauve-Souris, are in the foreground (left to right)

(Below) The Jeritza Prize Winner, Susan Steell, painted by Muller-Ury. Miss Steell, daughter of the playwright, Willis Steell, graduated into *The World We Live In* from the Junior Leaguers, and will study under Marchesi as Mme. Jeritza's protégée.



(Above) The inimitable Charlie Chaplin, and the fascinating Viennese film star, Pola Negri, whom Hollywood has drawn and held captive, snapped on a Berlin promenade last Summer.



(At left) "Ziggie" as a boy. The children of Dr. Florenz Ziegfeld, president of Chicago Musical College. Standing is the famous show girl expert Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., and sitting, the late Carl, Louise (now Mrs. Buhl) and W. K. Ziegfeld.

## THE THEATRICAL KALEIDOSCOPE

*High Lights in the Dramatic World From Coast to Coast*



# HEARD ON BROADWAY

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

As Told by



L'Homme Qui Sait

**J**ANET BEECHER'S handsome psychiatrist husband, Dr. RICHARD HOFFMAN, has hied himself to Germany to observe for a few months a newly discovered cure for paresis.

The troubles of ISADORA DUNCAN continue. Her Russian husband has left her and returned to Moscow and she now finds herself in Paris alone and not especially in demand artistically. I have patience with the temperament of talented folk, but Isadora's attained a rudeness and insulting attitude to this country that was both intolerable and unjustified. She left cursing our want of appreciation for fine things, overlooking the fact that never in the world's history has any city been able to boast of supporting so many fine things as has New York during the past season. I'm afraid the testy Isadora has quite done with us.

## WANTED—MORE CAPABLE ACTORS

**A**CTORS grow more numerous on Broadway—more numerous and less capable. I watched the casting of a new play recently—and the incompetents sent down by the agencies alleging themselves to be professionals astounded me. "Worse than amateurs" does not begin to cover it. They had not the least qualification for their job—not one single rudimentary tool of their trade. It's a result of the dwindling of the hugely prosperous theatre nationally that developed in 1918 culling deck-hands to do momentarily the work of artists. Gradually they are herding to New York and before long the need for employment will drive them to steadier tasks better suited to their talents.

GRACE MOORE—than whose voice and person there are few lovelier—has gone off to Europe to study a bit more. I can't understand this captivating young actress not being *made* to work by being offered a part worthy of her gifts.

MARY ELLIS—late Nerissa of *The Merchant*—also leaves for Europe—probably Germany—there to study more. She sails April 24th. I don't know what she'll learn in Europe that Mr. BELASCO can't teach her. But there may be other incentives!

My, my! Everybody's going, come to think of it! HENRIETTE METCALFE, dramatic editor of *Vanity Fair*, is taking herself off to Paris, too,—will, in fact, probably be there by the time this appears. Whereby Broadway loses one of its most charming and constant first night figures.

## STUPIDITY OF THE STAR SYSTEM

**T**HE frequent stupidity of the star system is further evidenced by the occasional instances of an audience preferring unfeared players in a cast to the much be-spread star. This is happening nightly at two musical shows now in New York,—proving that not even electric lights can shove a "name" down anybody's throat.

For that matter, the electric light thing is woefully overdone. The largest lights on Broadway—those of the Criterion Theatre—specially put up to bally-hoo NAZIMOVA'S *Salome* haven't drawn the semblance of a success to that picture house since they were in place. Heaven only knows what each letter costs—each one is fourteen feet high! And just around the corner a tiny sign draws them in hordes off Broadway to see the Snobs shoot wild animals. What's in a sign?

FRED JACKSON is about to launch a motion picture company which will produce only films written by himself. Jackson's last murder mystery serial in *Munsey's* drew such nation-wide favor as to lead him into the investment with confidence that there is an even wider market for his unusual plots.

NEYSA McMEIN, whose covers are so expensive that only magazines with a circulation of several million can afford to buy them, and Sgt. WOOLLCOTT, the dramatic critic who makes speeches, staged an elegant party on March 11th. It was for their old comrades in arms of the A.E.F. All of which goes to show that the war is by no means forgotten!

I hear that JOHN DREW'S eyes are very bad these days and that their condition will soon necessitate his leaving the stage permanently.

## MIS-ADVENTURE IN BURLESQUE

**T**HE MINSKY'S, who made a fortune with their burlesque house on Grand Street, came uptown and lost it—or most of it. The Park Theatre burlesque venture was a failure from the start. Something poorly done cannot hope to compete with the same sort of thing well done near by. The Columbia killed the Park just as the Palace killed the Shubert Central where second-rate vaudeville attempted to compete with the real thing across the way.

Frequently the bad failures of a season are the product of well-intentioned activity by unknown or minor producers. But this year some of the big fellows have been badly hit. The SELWYNS with *Johannes Kreisler*, for instance, to the tune of \$75,000. WINTHROP AMES with *Will Shakespeare* dropped at least \$50,000. DILLINGHAM lost \$75,000 with *The Bunch and Judy*. Which may or may not mean that there is no such thing as a wiseacre in the theatre.

Often an expected loss turns into a big winner. The Selwyns "played" with the *Romeo and Juliet* production that stars JANE COWL. They expected to do very little and rented the Henry Miller Theatre for a brief guaranteed season, it being thought that *Pasteur* would come into the Miller when it was ready. But Miss COWL makes a hit—profits grow—and MR. MILLER goes off to the Empire with his *Pasteur*! And the gambling laws still permit the theatre to exist!

## NEW PLAY FOR BILLIE BURKE

**B**ILLIE BURKE is at last to have a vehicle worthy of her. It will be *The Swan*, fresh from the pen of MOLNAR, and a great hit in Budapest. Miss Burke will play the princess of a decaying continental dynasty that finds herself in an amusing intrigue as a result of her Queen Mother's effort to rehabilitate their fortune through marriage.

The country's full of movie stars touring in legitimate vehicles and making a pile of money. None of them dare come into New York, fearing that the probable hard slaps of New York's nationally read critics would injure their reputation on the road and interfere with profits.



"What's in a name?" asked the Bard, somewhat carelessly. Certain of our local scribes seem to agree with Shakespeare that it is of little account. Take, for example, Arthur Richman. Despite this dramatist having given us such plays as *Ambush*, *Not So Long Ago*, and *The Awful Truth*, and having been nominated by LUDWIG LEWISOHN as one of the few important playwrights in America, KENNETH MACGOWAN, dramatic critic of the New York *Globe*, referred to him as Charles Richman in his paper a few days ago and PERCY HAMMOND, dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, called him Arthur Goodrich! Seems to me Richman deserves somewhat better treatment than that.

#### IRVING BERLIN'S PARTY

EVERY now and then IRVING BERLIN gives a party in that exotic West Side apartment of his, decorated with the elaborate stage settings of a defunct musical show. In the midst of bubbling fountains and papier maché rocks wandered LENORE ULRIC, JEANNE EAGELS, SAM HARRIS, SIDNEY BLACKMER, MARC CONNOLLY, GEORGE KAUFMAN, and the usual host of that small group that is Stageland's Four Hundred. Sam Harris and Jeanne Eagels have learned the steps of a dance which they did—simultaneously, it's true—but scarcely together. Sidney Blackmer sang a song to the impromptu accompaniment of Irving Berlin. Let it be here noted that Mr. Berlin is the worst piano player in three counties.

Hollywood has found out about face surgery. Pseudo-stars and would-bes generally, who feel their career blocked by some physical defect, are visiting a certain physician and having the offending blot removed. In some instances, the improvement is said actually to assist the patient materially in his career. One, especially, a foreign leading man whose work has been notably fine, but whose profile frequently interfered with his being cast in really big rôles, has had the profile fixed up and is now fairly headed for fame.

Out of the ashes of ETHEL BARRYMORE'S *Romeo and Juliet* arise the private tidings that Miss Barrymore never had seen another Juliet. Her acquaintance with the play was wholly in her reading of it and the Juliet she saw in her dressing-room mirror on the opening night at the Longacre was the first she had ever beheld in the flesh. Incidentally, you may be interested to know that the potion scene, during which Miss Barrymore was at her best, was never rehearsed prior to the actual performance.

While on the subject of Shakespeare, it is amusing to chronicle for all time that the actor who played the Second Grave Digger in JOHN BARRYMORE'S production of *Hamlet* was arrested for bootlegging prior to the close of the play's run. This, ordinarily, would not be astonishing but gains significance when the fact is noted that his exit cue in the play was the First Grave Digger's saying to him: "Go, get thee to Yaughan and fetch me a stoup of liquor." Here is a case of doing what one is told with a vengeance.

#### EASY THEATRE PICKINGS

THE easy pickings of the theatre are emphasized in the case of *Merton of the Movies*, one of the very big successes of the year in New York. The play's producer offered, prior to the première, to sell half of his interest to HUGH FORD. This meant that Ford would have to stand fifty per cent of the cost of the production and get in return fifty per cent of the profits. Ford said "Yes," but inasmuch as the bill did not have to be paid immediately, gave no money and began almost at once getting whopping checks. He stands to make a hundred thousand out of *Merton* and more, without having laid out a penny. Moral: Always say "Yes" to George Tyler.

It is well known that DAVID WARFIELD looked forward for years to being allowed to play *The Merchant of Venice*. It is not so well known outside the circle of his intimates that he used to relish reciting speeches of the play to small gatherings at his home. On one occasion, he won a good sized bet from a friend who denied his ability to recite the entire "I am a Jew" speech.

The actress whose private, yet better known, name of MRS. LYDIG HOYT invariably accompanies her professional one of JULIA HOYT is eager to establish herself on the basis of her art rather than on that

of her aristocracy. She is tired of being judged on a "four hundred" basis and wants the public to regard her purely as it does other professionals. But, meanwhile, I notice that Mrs. Hoyt is busy signing articles on etiquette for the *Evening World*. Inasmuch as the *World* gets around a bit I can't believe that the lovely lady can hope just yet to convince audiences that she is an artist and not a social arbiter!

The yearly theatrical exodus to Europe has begun. SAM H. HARRIS goes abroad this month to join ARCH SELWYN in Paris. MRS. HARRIS has already sailed with MR. and MRS. SELWYN. After seeing what the Boulevard theatres are doing, the party will proceed South to enjoy the balmy, sun-lit Riviera.

#### FRENCH FARCE FOR FROHMAN

AVERY HOPWOOD is also in Paris, taking in such pleasures as Lutetia has to offer at the Lenten season, and incidentally writing plays for DAVID BELASCO and FROHMAN, INC. The Frohman piece is an adaptation of a farce by Maurice Hennequin and Romain Coolus called *La Sonnette d'Alarme* (The Alarm Bell).

DANIEL FROHMAN, never over-fond of a "frost," has escaped the rigors of the present winter by going to the West Indies. He's been making a stay of several weeks at the most fashionable hotel in Nassau, the Bahamas. I bet the veteran and genial manager had his cycle and dancing pumps with him.

We hate letting our left hand know what our right hand doeth, but we can't help recalling how many players, now famous, owe their start to the helpful co-operation of THEATRE MAGAZINE. ALLA NAZIMOVA was unknown except to a small coterie and couldn't speak a word of English when she came to this office and asked for introductions to metropolitan managers. GEORGE M. COHAN, RICHARD BENNETT, EDITH WYNN MATTHISON, CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, AVERY HOPWOOD and many others all came here for advice before they succeeded in establishing themselves on Broadway. Only a few months ago, PHYLLIS POVAH, who has scored a big hit in *Icebound*, was a stranger in New York. Through THEATRE MAGAZINE she obtained an introduction to the Theatre Guild, which secured for her a rôle in *Mr. Pim Passes By*. The rest, to a pretty and talented girl, was easy.

#### THE ART THEATRE SHIBBOLETH

EVERY year about this time, when the first rush of the new season has spent its force and things begin to be a little quiet along Broadway, we get much highfalutin' talk about an "art" theatre. Producers, playwrights, and mere actors, to whom the very thought of a theatre influenced by box office considerations is obnoxious, come forward with enthusiastic schemes about some "Art Theatre" with which they are going to endow a theatrically starved (artistically speaking) community, hungry for the very best. This year the crop of these laudable projects is unusually large. We have the National Theatre project, fathered by AUGUSTUS THOMAS et al, the vast Art Theatre scheme sponsored by MORRIS GEST and OTTO KAHN, the Little Theatre plan put forward by RICHARD BENNETT and the Matinee Players' movement, organized by MARY YOUNG and JOHN CRAIG. Any more? Why not? The more the merrier. This time next year the "Art Theatre" shibboleth will still be an intangible something in the offing and AL WOODS will once more be handing out bedroom farce.

On the slate are various plays for the exploitation of the funny women of the vaudeville houses. FANNY BRICE, who does sore damage to recitalists and classic dancers, in her satiric skits, is to emerge in *Laughing Lena*, by RING LARDNER and GENE BUCK, and the DUNCAN SISTERS will strike the "legit" in *The Heavenly Twins* under the management of SAM HARRIS.

The two best actresses London has—GLADYS COOPER and MEGGIE ALBANESI—paid recent flying trips to Broadway—their first in each instance. Miss Cooper—London's famous Peter Pan—came to see Ivor Novello, her fiancé. Miss Albanesi just came to see New York and liked it so well that her original trip of two weeks has already been extended to eight.





© Study by G. Maillard Kessler

RUTH PAGE

*A Great Favorite of Music Box Audiences Caught in A Captivating Pose*



# THE TWO-A-DAY

## BLAND JOHANESON'S REVIEW OF THE VIRTUES AND VILLAINIES OF VAUDEVILLE

**A**MONG dramatic actresses culled from winners of seashore beauty contests and former wives of film stars who won more notoriety than alimony from their erstwhile lords, Miss Julia Arthur, the well-known American tragedienne, has stepped into vaudeville. She was summoned (as she usually is when a manager has an experiment which he dare not make without an actress of exceptional dignity and taste, like an Edith Cavell photoplay, or high tragedy in the halls) by Mr. E. F. Albee when he was inspired to stir the patrons of the Keith vaudeville houses with a great half hour from the plays of William Shakespeare. Miss Arthur is appearing as Hamlet in the Queen's Closet scene from the third act of that tragedy, and the Bard is marshalled into the strange company of Edgar Allan Woolf, Paul Gerard Smith, Edwin Burke, Jack Lait and S. Jay Kaufman.

**M**R. ALBEE'S motive in putting a fragment of Shakespeare into the halls is too strange to fathom. Whether it was a noble desire to elevate the mob or a frankly unsentimental play for high-class trade, Julia Arthur could have achieved either end without the Poet. It is extremely improbable that any person would go to the vaudeville expressly to see the Queen's Closet scene from *Hamlet*, and even less likely that some confirmed fan of the delightful tramp comics *The Briants*, would rush home after having been fed Mr. Albee's Shakespearean macaroon and devote the rest of his life to a feverish study of the great cryptogram.

However, the curtain having rung down on the tap-dancers, there is Miss Arthur in a scene from Shakespeare, and doing very well by him under the obviously difficult circumstances.

She contrives very subtly to put into this brief scene the complete structure of the tragedy, and she does this without the rolling eye and hot spouting of the old school. Her opening lines she reads with strident vehemence, then as she berates the Queen and weakness begins to eat into the purpose of her will, she brings a sad spiritual beauty to the role.

This is a prejudiced attitude, and frankly, a most uncritical one. But by what standard, canon, precept, law or creed can one measure such a theatre as this insane abattoir which harbors the vengeful slaughters of Elsinore, Horace Golden who saws women in half, and Joe Cook who does the same to little doggies!

**M**ISS Arthur's appearance in the music halls and the elegant simplicity of the little curtain speech which she makes at the close of her act, suggest material right at

hand for the gentlemen who are devoting their lives to the uplift of variety and the entrenching of vaudeville artists on the planes of the refined and the well-bred. Forbid the performers to reveal their true quality by the crudity of the speech which is made with very few variations in every turn.

Coming up flushed and gasping at the conclusion of an acrobatic dance, the "artist" staggers down to the foot-trough, draws a gaudy handkerchief from his hip pocket, mops his brow, and wheezes through his nose: "Well folks, on behalf of my partner and myself, we sure appreciate the way you have received our little offering. Love and kisses! (or) Happy New Year!" And with a gasp he vanishes through the exit, to be revived later by a mug of coffee and artificial respiration in some adjacent lunchroom.

The audience, meanwhile, has been treated to the lofty efforts of his brother artists, and is never really privy to the sequels to these apoplectic strokes of rhetoric.

**T**HE débuts in vaudeville, all in a single month, of Duci De Kerekjarto, violinist, Madeline Collins, soprano, and Georges Dufranne, tenor, are indicative of an early and easy end to the sufferings of poor old Mammy. The blues-sobbing gals have held the stage too long and at last we see signs of some real music. Which of the sweet sister teams, wearing rompers, lisping baby-talk and twittering ten-cent harmony, can last in the face of it? Not the Duncan sisters, certainly, nor the Swimmin' Hole Bennett twins. Rose and May Wilton, alone, seem to be equipped with sufficient musical understanding and talent to abandon the "cute" methods, wear womanly gowns, and let out their voices. Pink hair-ribbons on Broadway babies cannot create the illusion of a Montessori kindergarten, and they make some people a little sick. The Wiltons will be more interesting artists when they appear as musicians instead of cunning children.

**A**NYONE whose heart hungers for the good old days of what was once sensational realism should make it a point to see *Fifty Miles from Broadway*, C. B. Maddock's new production around the supposedly comical rube types which made his general store playlet so successful. Here is realism rampant, stuff to make Mr. David Belasco quit in despair, to cloud his most radiant suns and still his most turbulent oceans. Mr. Maddock gives us real water gushing from the pump, real leaves fluttering from the flies, and a bona

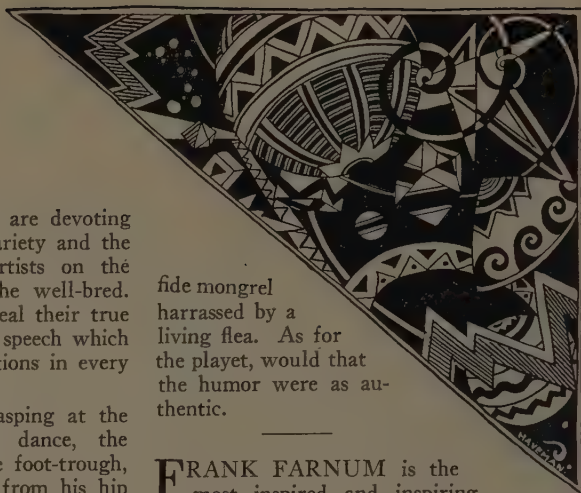
fide mongrel harrassed by a living flea. As for the playlet, would that the humor were as authentic.

**F**RANK FARNUM is the most inspired and inspiring dancer in the vaudeville theatre today, though he may not be the best one. He has none of the fine skill of Buster West of Wells, Virginia and West, and nothing of the style of Pat Rooney, Eddie Leonard, Frisco, or George White. His is a fervent glorification of the strutting of the negroid cake-walkers. His ardor approaches the sublime. Unlike his confrères above he cannot become a cult, for dancing masters would be cutting their throats after attempts to grasp his method. He hasn't any. He simply dances because he loves it, and that is what they must all respect, from the dadaists, to Bakst, to Rolf De Mares. Farnum has been in the West for several years and his return is an especially welcome relief from this epidemic of forced posturing and weak ballet technique in the music halls. His honestly lowbrow stepping performance reaches heights of grace and beauty which are the goals of the legion of Ten Eycks and Weilys, Piatovs and Natalies, and others of their ilk who prance these interminable races with butterflies and west winds.

**A**SSOCIATED haberdashers have gone to great pains to give credit with formidable statistics to vaudeville actors for setting the sartorial standards of the land. If it is true that the leading citizens of the hinterland borrow their fashions from the music-halls and that their tailors are such arch-villains as to permit them, these chic touches will appear on the spring models, for I really saw them last month in vaudeville.

Mohair will be very smart for dining jackets, the pockets of which should be cut catty-cornered over the ribs, with fleur de lys of braid decorating both sleeves and pockets. The ends of the black bow tie must be securely tucked in beneath a low turnover collar.

Sarah Bernhardt cuffs with points flaring out at the wrists will continue in high favor. Trousers will be tighter than ever and waistlines, if possible, slightly higher. White pearl buttons will be very good on black cloth-top shoes. These hints cannot cover such a rich field. But before ordering your next tweeds, consult with an open mind your favorite music-hall.





White  
Studio.

The Ballet at the close of the first act of *The Man From Earth*, the Princeton Triangle Club's Martian musical comedy—perhaps the finest in a long list of notable productions by this far-famed college Club.



"Loria", industriously vamping "Menka", (F. M. Chapman, '23) Sage of Mars, in the Triangle Club's satirical musical comedy.

## THE AMATEUR'S GREEN ROOM

*News of the Colleges, Schools  
and Dramatic Clubs*

The play is a satiric musical comedy, in humorous defence of the younger order, with the scene laid on Mars. Expressionism, as first introduced in this country by the Russian Players of the Moscow Art Theatre, is used as the method of development. The production is wholly the work of the undergraduates, several hundred students taking part in its execution in one way or another; some devoting their efforts to writing the verses and composing the songs, others to scenic and costume design, and yet others to the business end of the show and its management.

The Triangle Club has taken *The Man from Earth* on a 3000 mile tour, including Wilmington, Del., Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans, Birmingham, Atlanta, Jacksonville,



J. B. Darley, '24, who played the leading feminine role of "Loria", a girl from Venus, with W. H. Smith, '24, as Hoodoo, the Man from Earth.

THE announcement: "The Princeton Triangle Club Presents"—is always the forerunner of a musical comedy *par excellence*, but this year, the Triangle Club surpassed itself, if that were possible, in the Martian Musical Comedy, *The Man From Earth*. A large and enthusiastic gathering of the socially prominent witnessed the New York performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, and it is safe to say that this college play might linger on the Great White Way, with the S. R. O. sign on the door for some little time to come.

Savannah, Wilmington, N. C., Montclair, N. J., New York and Philadelphia, and in each of the cities visited, the alumni and friends of Princeton accorded a rousing welcome to this most sophisticated of College dramatic clubs.

### NEW ROCHELLE DRAMATICS

THE Huguenot Players of New Rochelle, N. Y., who have recently incorporated for the purpose of fostering and developing an appreciation of good literature, the Drama and Dramatic Art, presented their first play, "Everybody's Hus-



band," on January 2nd, under the direction of Mr. Walter Hartwig, who has been prominently associated with the Little Theatre Movement, and with the New York Drama League. They were fortunate in securing as the speaker of the evening, Mr. James Light, Director of the Provincetown Players, who expressed the hope that the people of New Rochelle will give their wholehearted support to this enterprising group, who, by the way, will welcome original plays by American authors.

The Drama Section of the Woman's Club of New Rochelle, N. Y., recently presented two interesting one-act plays: "*A Venetian Portrait*," which was awarded

the North Carolina Coast, by Dougald MacMillan, and *Wilbur's Cousin*, a comedy of college life by Ernest Thompson. The Carolina Playmakers will tour Raleigh, Wilson, Goldsboro, Greenville, New Bern, Farmville, Wilmington, Fayetteville and Durham, and we quite agree with Professor Koch that it must be "a thrilling thing to take these plays of the people back to the folks themselves—a fresh dramatic miracle in every town!"

#### THE THRESHOLD THEATRE

OPERATING in conjunction with the School of the Theatre, the Threshold Theatre of New York acts as a clearing

formances in the Threshold Theatre, where plans are now under way to operate a theatre for Youth. For some time past, a weekly Saturday matinee for children has been a feature of the Theatre, and it is now planned, in co-operation with the English teachers of the high schools of New York City, to put on plays, particularly adapted to boys and girls of high school age. A new children's bill opened recently with *Beauty and the Beast* and *Puck in Petticoats*, with *Alice in Wonderland* scheduled to follow shortly.

Mr. Howard McLennan of Carnegie Institute of Technology has recently joined the staff of the School of the Theatre, as Technical Director, and Miss Grace Griswold, the founder of the Workshop Theatre, which disbanded during the War, has been engaged to assist Mrs. Clare Tree Major in the productive work of the school.

#### THE WESLEYAN PLAYERS

IN the hills of West Virginia—in Buckhannon, to be exact—a group of students of Wesleyan College organized a dramatic club a year ago, calling it The

Bethenia K. McCreery of Glens Falls, N. Y.; Catherine Nash of Oskaloosa, Iowa, and Helen C. Bahnmitter of Wilkes Barre, Pa., in Masfield's *The Tragedy of Nan*, as produced by the Dramatic Club of Mount Holyoke College.

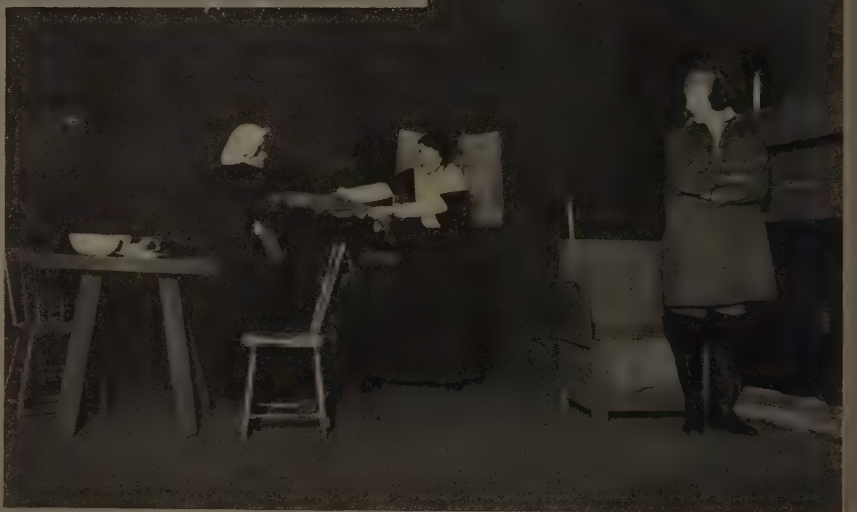


One of the eminently successful dramatic groups in New York is the Community Theatre, which holds forth at Poughkeepsie. The scene (above) is from their production of *The Mollusc* with (from left to right) Mildred Reid, J. Adams Brown and Florence Tobey. Stippled cream walls with gay English chintz create the cozy interior of a country home outside of London, the old picture above the mantel (painted on the flat) adding the final note to this English interior.

the Westchester County Drama Prize for 1922, and *The Florist Shop*, one of the Harvard 47 Workshop plays.

#### THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS

DOWN in North Carolina, the students of the University of North Carolina, under the direction of Professor Frederick H. Koch, are writing a new chapter into the history of the Drama in America. With their folk plays, written and staged by the Playmakers, they are bringing the traditions of a country rich in folklore, back to the people. "They are endeavoring to interpret North Carolina to the people of North Carolina—to make the State more fully aware of her own personality, to give new life to the traditions that are her heritage." And with that objective, they are making their fourth tour of the State, with three one-act plays; *Agatha*, a romance of the old South, by Jane Toy; *Off Nag's Head*, a tragedy of



house, not only for youthful aspirants to histrionic honors, but for playwrights and artists seeking recognition in the Theatre. Students planning a stage career are thus given the priceless opportunity of bringing their work before the professional producers, and scenic artists and playwrights may in this experimental theatre, work out new ideas, and see their completed work on the stage, under the most favorable conditions.

Last year, the Class of 1922 of the School of the Theatre, gave over one hundred per-

Wesleyan Players. With fine enthusiasm they have carried the work forward, giving *The Piper*, by Josephine Preston Peabody; *The Trysting Place*, by Tarkington; *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*, by Anatole France, and *The Workhouse Ward*, by Lady Gregory.

The plays of this enterprising group are presented under the direction of Miss Mildred Little, head of the Dramatic Department, and in recognition of the earnest efforts of the Players, Wesleyan College now offers credit for dramatics.



# THE PROMENADE S. ANGELINA

To the "Piccadilly" for Lunch and to "The Rendez-vous" after the Theatre

—HAYEMAN—23

THE "Piccadilly" at 12.30, then," said Father's voice over the 'phone. He was calling me up to ask if I had any previous engagement for Saturday afternoon. Someone had just turned him over two seats for *The Cherry Orchard*. Would I care to lunch with him and go to the matinée afterward?

Would I? *Ra-ther!*

Not only is no invitation to see the Moscow Art Theatre ever to be turned down . . .

lucky one is to get in at all . . . not only is Father a darling, of whom I see all too little . . . but "The Piccadilly" is one of the nicest places in town at which to lunch. There's such a "feel" to it, with its seats, backed by dark wainscoting, which run round the room, and its red-tiled floor, and its tables with their jolly red and white checked table-cloths. And at lunch time on Saturday it is a pet stamping ground for professional people.

Father likes "The Piccadilly" because of its English atmosphere . . . Father's half English himself, you know . . . The chef is from "The Criterion" in London, he tells me, and the headwaiter from historic old "Simpson's" . . . Or is it the other way about? Anyway, there's the atmosphere.

Though I was frightfully prompt . . . not more than fifteen minutes late at the most . . . I found Father already installed near the big fireplace. He was looking over one of the foreign magazines they always keep on the long table in front of it, and so much interested in some London pictures . . . he had just come back from the other side . . . that he neglected to rebuke me. We ordered grilled kidneys and water-cress, with cheese and coffee and cigarettes following. Father had bought me some ambered cigarettes in London . . . I really like only ambered or Russian ones . . . and a swanky long ebony holder to waft the perfume about with . . .

It was most jolly . . . There were lots of people we knew in the room to nod to . . . Gilda Gray in one corner, for instance, snatching a bite before *The Follies*, and wearing the most adorable black velvet frock with a bib of Russian embroidery and silver braid, and a white ermine turban on her blond curls . . . and Father's always such splendid company and so *distingué* to trot around with . . . I've told him that I suppose one of the reasons why I'm so nice is because he is . . . Not that it always follows, though.

As we went out, Father showed me the new decorations for "The Rendezvous," which is directly above "The Piccadilly." They begin on the walls of the short wind-



At "The Rendez-vous" incomparable Gilda Gray of "The Follies" gives nightly her South Sea Island dance, and there is a floor and superlative music for dancing

ing staircase and continue into and around the whole room of "The Rendez-vous" proper. Father was especially interested in them because they were done by a Richard d'Asir who did "The Bluebird" in Berlin, which he had seen. But I was interested in them because of the decorations themselves . . . a series of caricatures of all sorts of prominent people of the theatre . . . actors and actresses and playwrights and managers, grouped together according to their various affinities. Father only let me go to the head of the stairs, though, as he said we would be late for the Russians . . .

"Get Tubby, or someone else, to bring you back tonight after the theatre," he added, "and see the whole thing the way it should be seen . . . in action."

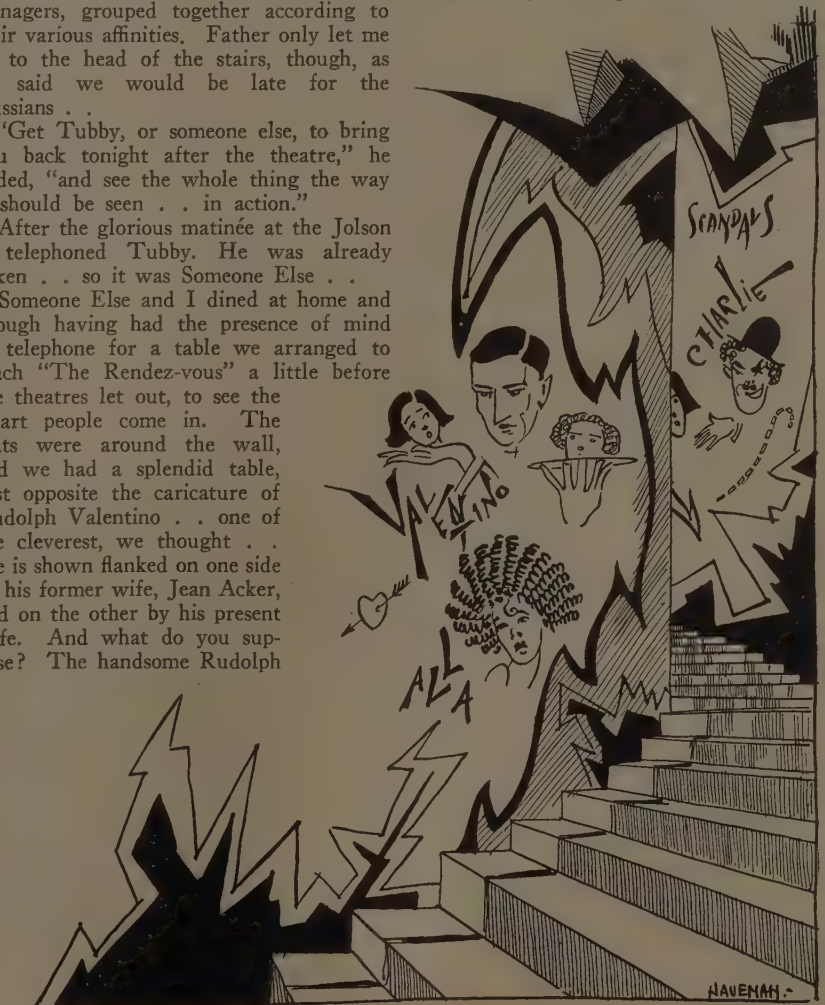
After the glorious matinée at the Jolson I telephoned Tubby. He was already taken . . . so it was Someone Else . . .

Someone Else and I dined at home and though having had the presence of mind to telephone for a table we arranged to reach "The Rendez-vous" a little before the theatres let out, to see the smart people come in. The seats were around the wall, and we had a splendid table, just opposite the caricature of Rudolph Valentino . . . one of the cleverest, we thought . . . He is shown flanked on one side by his former wife, Jean Acker, and on the other by his present wife. And what do you suppose? The handsome Rudolph

himself came in later with Mrs. Valentino and sat directly under their pictures . . . both of them laughing and frightfully amused over it . . . We heard during the evening, that Mr. Boag, the charming owner of "The Rendez-vous," was going to cut out the canvas and make a present of it to the Valentinos at the end of the season . . .

There were lots of celebrities there that evening . . . The two Barrymores, Ethel and John . . . and Billie Burke and Ziegfeld

. . . and the fascinating "Kiki" and Jeanne Eagels and Florence Reed with assorted and goodlooking escorts . . . and I don't know who all . . . On the walls above were their impressionistic portraits, with their latest romances . . . "if any" . . . shown alongside . . . the whole forming a kind of panorama, as it were "the scandals of 1923." A most entertaining and enlivening conceit, *n'est-ce-pas?*





# F A S H I O N

## As Interpreted by the Actress

Furs from A. Jaeckel & Co.

Hats from Simonne Bouvet



(Left) For the intermediate season, a bit too mild for one's heavy fur wrap and a bit too chill for anything light the newest note is the short fur jacket. The one at the left worn by Helen Shipman of "Caroline" is a rich little affair of black Persian lamb with a sable collar.

The enchanting hat is of a brick pink straw with a band of lighter pink flowers crushed flat around the brim, and a lace bow in the brick pink shade.

White Studios



The fur jackets for spring are astonishingly light in weight, having no interlining, merely the fur and a gay silk interior. A lovely combination of tones, becoming to any fair lady, is used in the above,—beige colored caracul with the warm browns and yellows of fitch.



What could be more charming as a background for Helen Shipman's orchids than this platinum grey caracul jacket with matching grey fox collar and cuffs! And what chapeau more chic than one of black milan and taffeta with a big choux of black cross.



For afternoon tea and restaurant dining there is the smart little collar of ermine worn by Miss Shipman, fastening on the side with two big ermine covered buttons. And to complete the picture a hat of black straw framed in white lace and faced with pale pink.



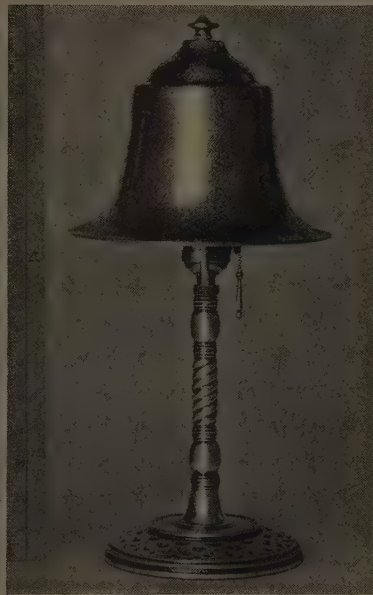
# SHOPPING WITH WANDA LYON FOR THE NOVELTIES OF THE MONTH

Wanda Lyon, who has been playing opposite Leo Carrillo in *Mike Angelo*, lent us her taste and her time in selecting the articles on this page. Each is the best of its kind that can be found, artistically, practically, and in price.

White Studios



The "perfume-light" is the latest necessity for the boudoir, combining the qualities of night-light and perfume burner, and Miss Lyon found this the most perfect of its type. In cream porcelain decorated with quaint figures in black, the inside is of deep pink which gives a rose glow when the bulb is lit. Top and bottom are of nickel silver. Price, \$7.



This is a lamp that should appeal tremendously to both men and women, because of its artistic simplicity and its practicality. It is composed entirely of red-gold bronze even to its adjustable shade, which swinging on a pivot at the top will throw the light, if so wished, to any corner of the room. When in place, as shown here, the shade acts as a reflector. "Fancy the delight of an attached shade that can be dusted and that will never wear out," says Miss Lyon. The lamp comes also in grey silver. Price, \$25.



Wanda Lyon says that if you have ever used perfume from an atomizer, as the Parisienne does, you will never after use it any other way. She selects this new atomizer, because it is of graceful and convenient shape, in iridescent champagne-colored glass, because it has a patent vacuum spray that will not waste one's perfume, and because the price is so reasonable; only \$4.50.



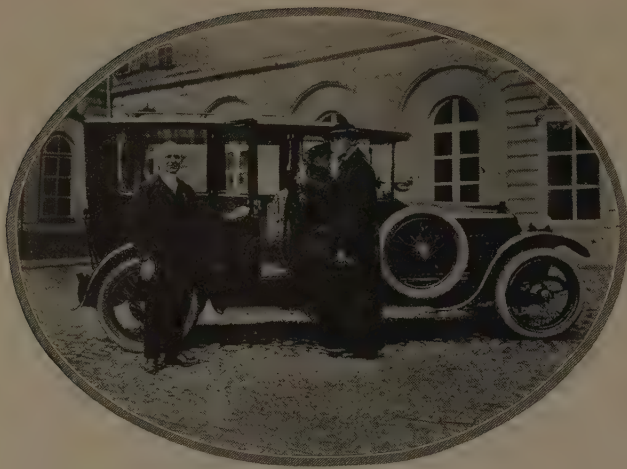
We might as well give up trying to be smart, declares Miss Lyon, as to be without earrings nowadays! For a brilliant effect, especially for evening, there is this pair of long earrings set with marcasites, which glitter like small diamonds, and ending in black onyx drops. Price, \$15.

## SHOPPING INSTRUCTIONS

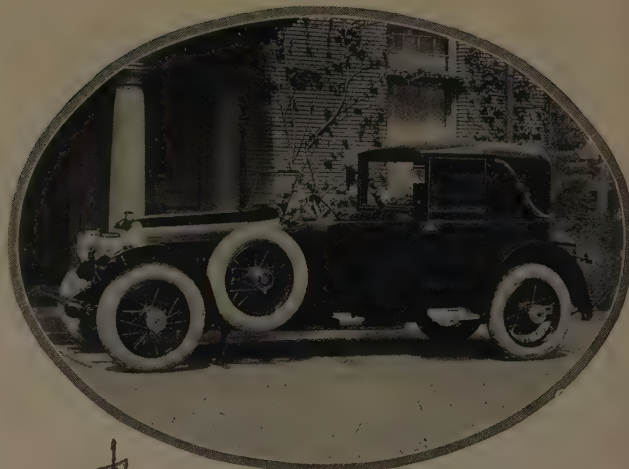
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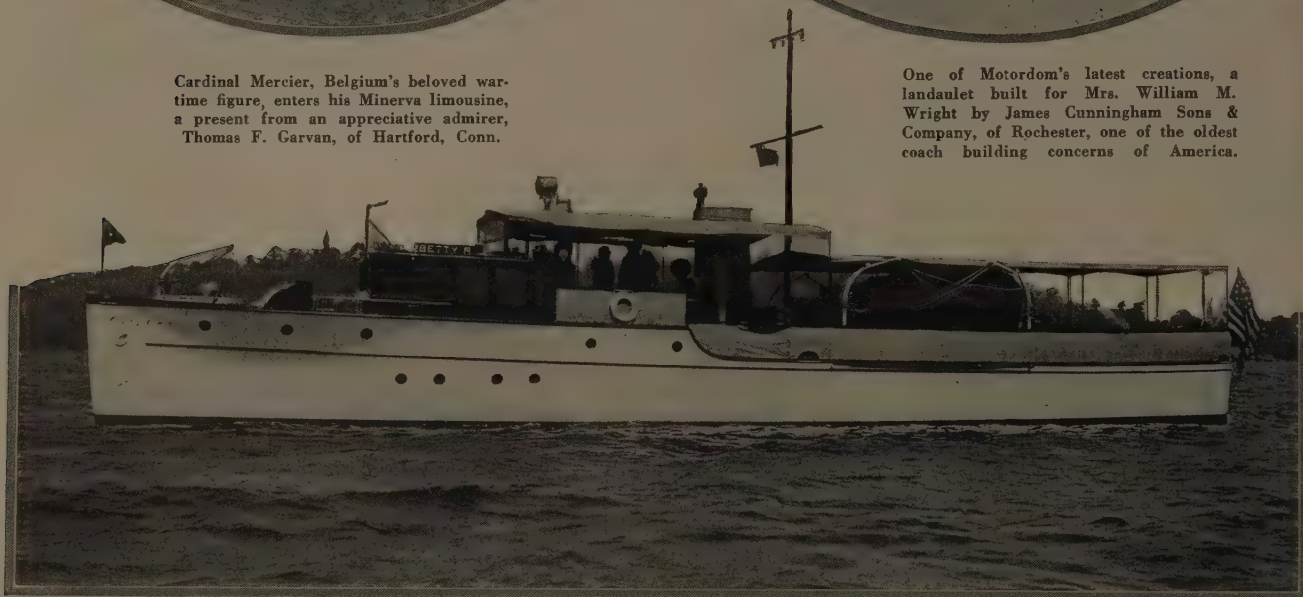
Miss Lyon, who posed for both these pictures, discovered another lovely pair of earrings, rather large double hoops of milky pearls, which she considers give a most softening look to the face. They are particularly good with one's pearl necklace, and a bargain at \$12.50.



Cardinal Mercier, Belgium's beloved war-time figure, enters his Minerva limousine, a present from an appreciative admirer, Thomas F. Garvan, of Hartford, Conn.



One of Motordom's latest creations, a landaulet built for Mrs. William M. Wright by James Cunningham Sons & Company, of Rochester, one of the oldest coach building concerns of America.



(Above) The annual Motor Boat Show, held in New York the latter part of February, centered attention on the new floating homes of well-to-do Americans. Above is the Betty R., a modern off-shore cruiser, recently delivered to its owner, E. C. Crossett, a Western lumber magnate. She was designed, built and engineered by the Consolidated Ship Building Corporation, and provides accommodations for eight besides a crew of five. She will be seen with others of her set in the Florida waters in Winter, and the Great Lakes, St. Lawrence River and North Atlantic in the Summer.



A typical Florida Fishing Boat, owned by Joseph Cudahy of Chicago. In the sunken fishing cockpit aft are swivel chairs for the fishermen. Note the fish box recessed in the after deck, and forward the bridge deck, a combination which is an extraordinary designing feat. Speed, 18 miles an hour, trolling speed 2 miles. Originated and built by the Consolidated Ship Building Corporation.



Magnificent deck salon of the most modern of house boats, the Symphonia, made for Charles Ringling, one of the famous circus-owning brothers. Built and engineered by the Consolidated Ship Building Corporation with decorations and furniture by Huber and Company. In design, decoration and equipment, the dining salon, lounge and staterooms of the Symphonia are in keeping with this inviting deck salon.

## MOTOR LUXURIES ON LAND AND SEA

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GOODMAN**  
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## THE ACTOR'S THE THING

(Concluded from page 22)

the way down the line. Take the 'script. It belonged once to Al Woods. Herman took it off his hands, cheap as dirt. Same with the company. No fancy salaries, but honest men and women trying to make a living. As manager it's my job to see they earn their money and believe me they earn it.

But *The Bedlovers*, the way we've put it on at the Proscenium, which is a good house even if it is on a bum street, makes it look like a fifteen or twenty thousand dollar show. You'd be surprised. Sets by Eyelash Studios and gowns that might have come from most anywhere. And last night, at the opening, it run along swell. We got more laughs than we expected all the way through. Why, at my first entrance, I saw Heywood Brown and a couple of other guys nearly doubled up for laughing. That was enough for me. If comedy's what they like, I says to myself, they'll get it. And I put in a lot of my old stuff I used to use in the three-a-day before I give up the small-time and come to Broadway. It went big, I'll say, even if it wasn't in the original.

A REVIEW BY SYLVESTER SMYTHE

**S**ELDOM during a long and honorable career has it been my mis-

fortune to appear in so thoroughly meretricious a piece as *The Bedlovers*, which came to light last evening at the old Proscenium under the auspices of Herman Fiddlestick. I could scarcely suppress a tear, in fact, as I walked out on that venerable stage, the same stage on which I had played Hamlet in my hey-day, and the thought of its profanation came to me. This play itself, a vapid translation by Aloysius Wogg of a poisonous obscenity by Marcel Poisson, is quite unspeakable. With the exception of myself—and I say this in all modesty—there is not an actor, or an actress in the company. Had I known, in advance, what sort of person Fiddlestick was, I should have declined his offer. He is a vulgarian of the worst type, as is also Harry Bowes (né Fiddlestick) his cousin and representative.

I rashly signed an Equity contract and must, I fear, see the thing through. I have no fear, however, that the agony will be of long duration. Meanwhile, I would counsel my friends among the theatregoers of discernment to shun *The Bedlovers* as they would the plague. Soon, I make no doubt, they will be able to see me in something more to my taste.



## MUSIC

(Concluded from page 36)

trouble I've seen, *Peter Go Ring Dem Bells*, *Sometimes I feel like a Motherless Child*. He mixed them with true rhapsodic fervor, achieving one of the most stirring and colorful works for orchestra based upon a dark background that we have heard.

Darius Milhaud, of the Groupe des Six, Paris, conducted the City Symphony in late January, also playing the piano part in his own ballade. His music wanders childishly. Sometimes one felt that Milhaud meant everything tremendously, while he sought to be sweetly direct about it. At other times, he was just involved in ornate cat-calls and the testing of sets of discords most likely to crunch the teeth. It would seem that he has not conducted much, if any.

After four concerts in Rome and Paris, Leopold Stokowski returned to

the Philadelphia Orchestra early in February. For its New York visit, he played the Brahms 1st Symphony so superbly that the audience became more ecstatic than usual.

Why doesn't Mr. Stokowski come to New York? There is a definite place for him with an elderly orchestral society which plays not far from 59th Street, three or four times a week? We need his clarity and imagination.

As if to show how agile he can be upon the keyboard, Ignatz Friedman gave a Chopin recital. His Chopin is a firm, manly figure, who walks like a man. There is no daintiness about him, but power, color and light. Friedman can pound, but his tone is clear and touching. I have rarely heard the middle portion of a piano sing so melodiously.

## NEW VICTOR RECORDS

The name of Louise Homer is inseparably linked with glorious song in celebration of Easter and millions will be glad to hear her latest record of Charles Wesley's "*Christ the Lord is Risen Today*." She begins it in her characteristic broad, free style, against a generous background of orchestral tone. Trumpets announce it, the voice beginning softly, gradually swelling

in power until it dominates all with joyous, soaring phrases.

A record made at the special request of Archbishop Curley of Baltimore is "*Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All*," by John McCormack. It is a simple and heartfelt expression of faith, sung in high, sweet, sonorous tenor tones.



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*All Mallinson Trade Mark Names*

(Continued from page 28)



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"Springtime"

—a costume complete—by E. M. A. Steinmetz  
Created for Miss Margaret Lawrence

*I adore this sweet little fur jacket  
which makes the costume complete  
and will be so useful all summer  
and fall — Mary and Lawrence.*

Stein & Blaine

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New York

instance—it's a square-cut emerald—he gave me when he was knighted last year—

MISS CHANNING: And when, consequently, you were forgiven for having married him.

MARLOWE: (*Wrathfully rising*) Eliza, I must protest.

Mary's parents have something to talk over with her. Miss Channing and the children leave and when they are alone, Mary's mother divulges a bit of gossip that is going the rounds, connecting John's name with that of Mrs. Eustace Mainwaring. Mary refuses to listen. At this moment the lady is announced. Mary's parents, after a cold bow, leave; and she accompanies them to the door. Johnny passing in the corridor, sees the visitor and entering, challenges her presence in his mother's house. Mrs. Mainwaring amusedly parries with the young man. Mary returning, senses the situation and dismisses the boy on an errand. She is gracious and courteous to her guest, who will have none of these friendly passes and soon comes to her point, which is that her husband is divorcing her, naming John as co-respondent. She assures Mary that he loves her, and would marry her but that he thinks Mary will not release him.

MARY: You can set your mind at rest, Mrs. Mainwaring. I shall never keep my husband against his will. The moment he wishes to leave me, he's free to go. Yes. And I think that's all we have to say to each other.

Carlton enters as Mrs. Mainwaring is about to leave. He is startled into a belligerent attitude toward the latter.

MRS. MAINWARING: Lady Carlton understands. She's willing to set you free, John. She said so.

CARLTON: (*In a whisper*) Free? To set me free? Mary, is that true?

MARY: (*Always without looking at him*) Yes, John.

JOHN: (*Almost terror in his voice*) Mary—

MRS. MAINWARING: I've not lied. I told Lady Carlton that you loved me, and that you wanted to be free to marry me. Are those lies? (*John is silent*).

CARLTON: Not your lies. Mine. (*Mrs. Mainwaring is about to speak*) No, please. Whenever I spoke to you of love, I lied. You say you believed me. (*With a contemptuous laugh*) Have you always believed your lovers when they talked to you of their love?

MRS. MAINWARING: (*Not loudly, but with hate, rage and contempt*) So far as I am concerned, Lady Carlton, you may keep your husband if you still want him.

MARY: (*As only she can say it*) Thank you.

MARY: I want you to tell me everything.

CARLTON: You mean—about her?

MARY: No. We've finished with her. About—the others.

(Later)

CARLTON: Oh, what's the use—what's the use? You wouldn't believe. You'd never understand. (*He buries his face in his hands. Mary looks at him, the dawn of a tender smile on her lips. A pause*).

MARY: John. (*He lifts his face from his hands*) You want to tell me, don't you, that you never once stopped loving me—even when you were most unfaithful? You want to tell me that those other women were nothing to you—and that I was everything—always.

CARLTON: (*With passionate eagerness*) Yes—yes—yes.

MARY: Do you think I don't know that? Do you think I could ever have borne it if I hadn't been as sure of your love as I'm sure of the love of God?

JOHN: Mary, you don't realize what's still to come. My name will soon be blazed abroad for all to read. Your friends will pity and despise you. Our children will know their father for the man he is. (*Broken, despairingly*) Our children. My God—my God!

MARY: John—John—stand up, John—stand up. You're strong and brave. You've brought all this on yourself, and you must go through with it—like the man you are.

EPILOGUE:

Scene—as in the Prologue.

DOCTOR: Lady Carlton—we've tided over the crisis, and can now hope for the best.

MARY: (*Slowly, clutching his hand*) You mean—he'll—live? (*With a tremulous little laugh*) It's silly to—to cry when one's happy—so happy. (*Quickly about to rise*) I must go to him. But the children—the children—do they know?

DOCTOR: Nurse has gone to tell them the good news.

MARY: (*Musingly, with a little smile*) The children—they don't quite understand. They're so young and bright and clever. As though there could be such a thing as overting oneself in the service of love! But they'll understand that one day. Like everything else, love needs practice to become perfect. And I've loved—and I've been loved for over fifty years. (*With dignity, to the children*) Your dear father has always been very particular about my hair. (*Goes to the mirror*) He—he would never allow me to wear a cap. (*She touches up her hair and they all look on in silence for a moment*).

JOHN: (*Offstage*) Mary, come here. I want you.

(*Mary goes to her husband*).

END





# The Perfumes of Princesses

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I tell this secret

A lovely perfume becomes even lovelier when it is used with wisdom—"Discretion is the better part of perfume."

I have prepared a beautiful brochure for you. In this booklet I have disclosed the secrets intimates of the Parisian boudoir, the little artful ways in which the French lady uses perfume and which I, as parfumeur to ladies of title for many years, have learned.

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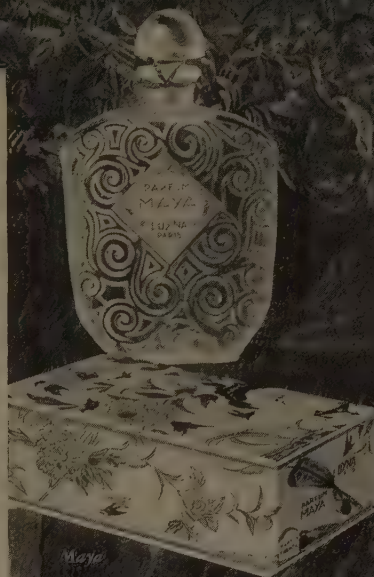
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## JAUNTS INTO BRIGHTEST ENGLAND

(Concluded from page 23)

with a longish nose, his black bristling eyebrows are the dominating feature. So huge are these eyebrows they appear to have been fastened on him by a theatrical "makeup" man in a spirit of jest. The eyebrows fascinate. They shade the face, they are unbelievably humorous, they actually carry on conversation with sundry twitches and jerks. The playwright's manner is courteous, kindly; attitude toward present affairs frankly pessimistic. From the amount of reminiscence in speech, snap judgment would declare he lives much in the past.

Beside the blazing fire we talked of the days that are sped.

"Poor Charles Frohman," he said. "How I miss him! We were great friends. Frohman was not what you would call a cultured man, but he had an instinctive feeling for what was fine. He was compelled to produce many plays that were rubbish, but he always wanted to do the best things. In the many years of our business relations we never had a contract. His word was enough."

### LIKES A QUIET LIFE

**W**HEN were you last in the United States?"

"Oh, it must have been in 1885. I went over to help Augustin Daly produce a farce of mine called *The Magistrate*. I like New York. I should like to go very much if I might go quietly and poke around for myself. But I have many friends there and I know I should not be allowed to be quiet. I don't like dinners and parties—never do them here. Possibly I shall come. America always has been kind to my plays—even the gloomy ones. Kinder than London. We are reviving *The Thunderbolt* at the Court this season" [since the meeting Gladys Cooper has been playing *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* with great success at the Playhouse] "I suppose they won't like it because it is a grim play. And also *Midchannel*, which is another grim play, you know. Curiously enough, when *Midchannel* was done in London it had

little success because the leading actress did not possess charm. With your Ethel Barrymore it went splendidly in the United States. What charm she possesses! And what a fine actress she is! Charm is so necessary in the theatre. It is one of the essential elements."

### ADVICE TO PLAYWRIGHTS

**A**ND have you a word for the young playwright who is just starting?"

"Tell him to write the thing that is within him." The eyebrows came together, seemed to hesitate, spread apart as if decision had been reached. "Tell him not to write with any sort of calculation. The moment he begins to wonder how this or that will appeal to an audience, whether this part is good for a certain actress, how profitable this plot will be from a box-office standpoint, he is lost. He may be a success for ten years, but not more. When he writes to catch the mood of the present moment, he will be forgotten tomorrow. If he wins any permanent place in the theatre it will be because he has written what he must write, he has given the best that is in him, he has told the truth as he sees it. If calculation once enters or if he tries to follow the fashions in playwriting he will have no lasting success. If he writes sincerely, he may have years of struggle ahead, but if he has the stuff of which dramatists are made, he will win in the end. That is my only advice."

More mental dodging of questions with an adroit serve that sent the reply to your own side of the net. Conversation about the French theatre, German mechanism with which Sir Arthur always has been highly impressed, Italian acting.

One question ventured.

"Has a dramatist a favorite play?"

Eyebrows went up.

"I fancy any dramatist's favorite play is the one he intends to write tomorrow."

Sir Arthur had taken every point in the game.

### NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

This month Mario Chamlee finds a brilliant vehicle in the great solo, *O Paradiso*, from Meyerbeer's seldom heard yet celebrated opera, *Africana*. Also in the quieter and lovely *Le Reve*, which Des Grieux sings to his beloved Manon, Chamlee achieves an enchanting atmosphere.

Of instrumental records there are several. The "little giant of the keyboard," Leopold Godowsky, plays *My Joys and Maiden's Wish* (Chopin-Liszt) with his accustomed technical mastery; Bronislaw Huberman's rich

tone, dazzling technique and striking pizzicati are revealed at their best in the *Canzonetta* of Tchaikowsky and *La Clochette* of Paganini; the melodious *Farniente* of Cui and Herbert's captivating *Serenade* are performed by those masters who form the Elshuco Trio, and the Capitol Grand Orchestra gives a very spirited reading of *The Morning, Noon and Night Overture* of Suppé. In the second part there is a long and beautifully played solo for 'cello which lulls the listener into a mood of placid contentedness.





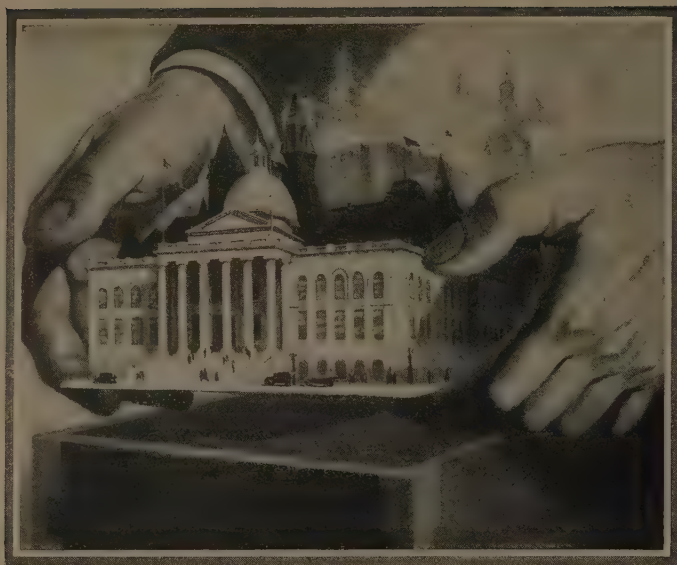
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## FOREIGN LETTERS

### London Enjoys a Prosperous Season

By Ivor Brown

THEATRICAL business in London is better than ever it was since the great boom year of 1919. The financial flag flies at the top of the mast or pretty near it. What of the artistic flag? Still at half-mast, say some who know. Basil Dean, who frequently tours Europe to see the latest in lighting and production effects, came back from New York not long since and told the first newspaperman who asked for his impressions that the theatrical future was with America. Impossible to escape the fact that going to the theatre is for the Britisher a spree, a night-out, an aftermath for a good dinner. The playhouse is where you take your cousins from the country when you don't know what to do with them or it's the place you go to for lack of something better. It's the alternative to the hotel-lounge, the Nirvana of the folk with time on their hands.

You've got that public, too. Sometimes it wants to sleep, sometimes it wants to shudder. Because of that public, the Bat-Cat-and-Canary seed brings forth fruit an hundredfold. London has been rare soil for that type of harvest.

#### SYBIL THORNDIKE'S SUCCESS

BUT I said that even the serious shows marched instead of limping. Take Sybil Thorndike's case. She makes Euripides pay with her *Medea*, a statue lit with fire. She puts Shelley's *Cenci* on for experimental matinees and has to transfer it to the evening bill. Her first performance of *The Cenci* brought a veritable menagerie of literary lions to the New Theatre. Mayfair wits, like Maurice Baring, jostled the bards from Boar's Hill, like John Masefield. All the plodders up Parnassus were there and voted it fine and at the end Sybil thanked the literary lions for sitting still as mice. Not till then did the lions roar appreciation.

Was it Sybil, whose high tragedy is deservedly so fashionable, or Shelley that drew the company? One cannot say. But one may legitimately surmise that if *The Cenci* had not been written by Shelley and censored until the Duke of Atholl released it from bondage for Miss Thorndike, no more would have been heard of it outside the study. For its passion and splendor are spread thin over three hours of acting. Shelley, knowing that his own reputation for radicalism and free love destroyed any chance of his play with the theatrical managers of his time, sent it round Covent Garden under a *nom de plume*. In vain. If it still carried that *nom de plume*, it would remain unacted.

Not that it lacks beauty. Shelley couldn't miss that mark. But it is more a poem than a play, because the

essence of all past Drama is conflated and here the conflict is between Purity and Innocence and Vildest Guilt. There is nothing to be said for the tyrannical, incestuous Cenci; there's everything to be said for Beatrice, his blameless victim. Great drama occurs in the fine shades of right and wrong, are evenly distributed between two parties or between two parts of a single personality. Shelley, flaying Count Cenci, flays a dead horse.

Still it was magnificently played. *The Count* was acted by Mr. Robert Farquharson, a wealthy amateur who lives in Italy and comes to London for any part that attracts him. He is an expert in the representation of villainy and brings a full professional technique to bear upon his work. Miss Thorndike's Beatrice was a fine study in sculptured marble made articulate and she gave a poignant utterance to Shelley's bitterest pessimism in those last scenes where the poetic flood runs at its fullest.

The returning taste for drawing-room dilemmas and polished Mayfair melodrama is, I suppose, the inevitable reaction from the realism of the repertory theatres, which Miss Thorndike attempted to restore to London by her resurrection of *Jane Eyre*. St. John Ervine's drab but telling study of life where every coin counts and there are no Paris creations for the leading lady.

#### NO NEW DRAMATISTS

WHERE, meanwhile, is England's new dramatist? Echo answers "Where?" We revive Shaw, Harriette Pinero, Ervine, Sutro revives himself. But trickles of new blood are few and far between. The "producing societies" who give special performances and experimental matinees, discover no hidden treasure. I taxed an executive member of the Stage Society with the question why they did so much foreign work. "Are there no really good English plays coming your way?" I asked him. He regretted that there were not. And that's that.

All the more cruel therefore that public disfavor should have been shown to Mr. Budd of Kennington by H. F. Maltby. Mr. James Agate, the brilliant critic of *The Saturday Review*, has voted it the best thing of the year. It had the essential Cockney twang and a vaudeville actor, Mr. Tubby Edlin, drove into the very roots of reality with his presentation of an insurance agent. But the public won't believe in good innovation when it comes. Is it prepared to supplant ever on a re-hash of our older work? At present (and one regrets it) the taste is all for cold meat newly dressed.





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# COLGATE'S

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## ON THE ROAD

By Robert F. Sisk

DOWN in that mysterious country known as the "road," where one-night stands abound and where decent railroad accommodations are as scarce as prohibitionists in a newspaper office, the managers tell us that business is picking up. And when they say it, they are telling the truth.

The past few seasons haven't made a great deal of money. Some of them have sent naughty farces on the road and as a consequence are rolling in wealth, but those who were trying to really uplift the drama were getting scant encouragement. However, even as the quality of our *schnapps* changeth, so does the quality of our theatrical fare. And, as the quality of the theatrical fare changeth, so does the amount received in the box offices.

### GOOD PLAY; GOOD BUSINESS

THAT is the story in a nutshell. The road this year has been getting good attractions. Many of them have been excellent, and just as the play is good—so is business. Not always does this rule hold good, but in nine cases out of ten, it does. Not all the praise that a friendly critic can give a show will bring people to the playhouses, for the people have been bitten so often they are frankly dubious. In one town, they remember the praise heaped on that miraculous display of talent, the so-called *Revue Russe*, and they remember what a lemon of a show it proved to be. So now they are playhopping for themselves and what their friend John tells them about a show means more to them than what the star critic of *The Morning Patriot* has to say.

More and more are the original casts taking the journey through the hinterland. And they are finding it profitable. There are many instances on record this year where business has started off mildly in the road towns, and where the names of the cast have brought it to capacity before the week ended. The productions are better than they used to be. And—the theatres are fewer.

### CRUX OF THE SITUATION

HERE is the crux of the entire situation:

We are writing from a city of some 730,000 persons, situated in the midst of God's green and fertile valleys. Three years ago, it had four legitimate playhouses, two booked by the Messrs. Shubert and two booked independently, but all of them offering fairly good attractions. However, one of the theatres is now playing mediocre stock; another has been playing the Shubert brand of vaudeville, while the two others are still doing business at the old stands. Here, then, is a representative American city, modern and up-to-date, with only two legitimate playhouses, but with three bur-

lesque houses, four vaudeville theatres and countless other non-descript houses offering tabloids and colored attractions.

With really meritorious attractions is it strange that business should pick up? Is it any wonder that such a play as *Merton of the Movies* should come to town and turn the provincial critics' heads? Is it any wonder that the police had to be called out to hold the crowds in check when they were fighting their way in to see David Warfield in *The Merchant of Venice*? Remember, these were productions you without the stamp of metropolitan approval. However, to this same town came the *Revue Russe* with its heralded "triumphs" in New York and the Windy City, so the yokels in the hinterland just decided that metropolitan approval doesn't mean a great deal anyway.

### "ROAD" PLAY HUNGRY

AND then *Liliom* arrived. It packed the theatre. Then came *Sally* and what it did to the seating capacity of a huge playhouse was a plenty. Then came Billie Burke in *Milk and Honey*. Tarkington's *Rose Briar* and despite the fact that the critics said all sorts of unkind things about the play, the people went to see it in droves. Why—because it at least bore semblance to the sort of production they enjoyed seeing.

The truth is, people "on the road" are play-hungry. Not only play-hungry, but show-hungry. Give them a play with a real star, and they will do him homage to the extent of many thousand dollars. Ask Otis Skinner. He is taking his old *Mister Anton* around, playing it in the one, two and three-nighters, and just stuffing the money away in the toe of the well-known sock. Give them a real comedy with a real production and a really able cast, and they'll pack the house. Ask Florence Nash and Glenn Hunter. If they're not too modest they'll tell you what the people in one notorious "bad" show town did to them each night. If they won't tell, just take it as the truth that the people stay until long after the final curtain to cheer them.

### ONLY BAD SHOWS SUFFER

IT is true that there is always an audience for the salacious play. That applies on the road as much as in New York. But there is a larger and more important audience for the productions of the theatre and even as they have been responding royally in New York this season, the first-rate productions, so they have been responding in the same way down on the "road."

Only the managers who send the bad shows down in the "sticks" have reason to kick.

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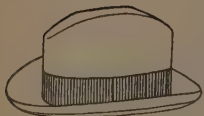
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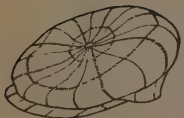
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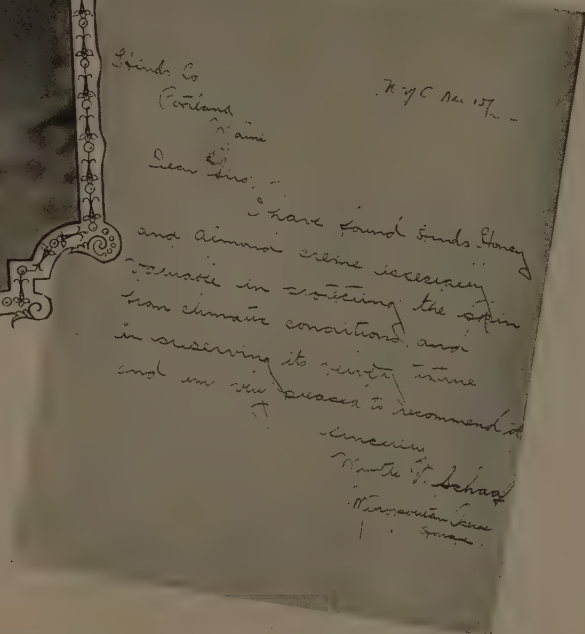


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## The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

**R**UTH CHATTERTON is a young person of decided likes and dislikes. She knows what she wants, and she knows why she wants it, and where to get it. It is this charming decision of character, which standing out plain in the deftness and surety of her work, and never more noticeably than in her recent appearance in *La Tendresse*, has contributed so much to her wonderful success.

When, therefore, Miss Chatterton subscribes to a beauty preparation, it means something. It means either that she has tested out the preparation itself over a long period of time, or else that she has tested out the beauty specialist offering it, and believes that whatever comes from her laboratory must be of the most excellent.

We were therefore distinctly *épâtée* when we learned through Miss Chatterton of a new Cleansing Cream especially created for the actress. This has just been put out by Miss Chatterton's pet beauty specialist, whose preparations she has used for years. And these are the cream's advantages and qualifications. *Regardez un moment*, as say the French . . .

Realize, then, that the cleansing cream of the actress is one of the most vital problems of her make-up table. Since her complexion and the preservation of its beauty is such an important feature of her profession, the cream she uses must be of the best and purest quality, harmonizing perfectly with her type of skin. Since she is obliged to use it so freely it must be purchased in large amounts. To combine this perfection and quantity makes no small item on her expense account.

Now, tells Miss Chatterton, along comes her favorite beauty adviser with this special Theatrical Cleansing Cream, whose creation was brought about in the following fashion: This beauty specialist, one of international reputation, has long had as clients the most famous actresses, not only here but in London and Paris as well. For years they have been sending her the theatrical cleansing creams they used, writing "this cream is good, but it is a little too drying," "this cream cleanses well, but is harsh," and so on. They asked her if she could not create something of her own for their use. Incidentally, the "divine Sarah" was among the requesters.

Having analyzed all these creams sent her, this beauty specialist set herself to work out a theatrical cold cream formula that would suit the greatest number of complexions and that would still be reasonable in price. She has been more than successful, says Miss Chatterton, if she may testify from her point of view.

The Cream cleanses rapidly. It is deliciously pure and hence soothing to the finest skin,—and as Miss Chatterton's own complexion is of a rose-like delicacy, she makes a particularly good witness. And in spite of all this has been possible, wonderful to relate, to keep the price down to one dollar only!

"Just think! A whole big can, over half a pound, of the purest cleansing cream for a dollar," exclaimed Miss Chatterton. "And, just as an item, see that can, isn't it smart and gay. The usual theatrical cream container is about the dullest thing imaginable."

We are telling you all this, not because we imagine that the majority of our readers contemplate going on the stage, but that you may "cash in" on the information. This Special Cleansing Cream will work in exactly the same way for everyday purposes of cleansing the face as for removing theatrical make-up. Any woman may use it. It is unassailable in its purity. And you may buy it in bulk, in its "smart and gay" can, for just a dollar.

(For the name of the new Theatrical Cleansing Cream recommended by Miss Chatterton and where it may be purchased, write *The Vanity Box*, care *The Theatre Magazine*, 2 West 45th St., New York City).





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## MY MEMORIES OF OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

(Continued from page 10)

Perhaps he recognized in this little German-American Jew a king by divine right, for he took the offered hand and smilingly replied:

"I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Hammerstein."

And the same greeting was given by Oscar to Queen Mary and the same gracious reply given.

To the end of his days Mr. Hammerstein never could be brought to see the humor of this episode. If an aristocrat is a man who is secure in his belief in his superiority over other men, then Oscar Hammerstein was an aristocrat. He saw King George as an equal, to whom he must pay the respect of removing his hat and have Mr. Andrews as his hat-bearer in extraordinary. He must pay this respect because the English people expected it, but after the respect was paid he saw only a younger man of nearly his own height who spoke somewhat better English than did he and knew considerably less about grand opera.

But even if the King at last came to the Kingsway Opera House, the ordinary Englishman did not. There were some gala nights when the house was full, as when Maurice Renaud sang *Rigoletto* and I was the Duke, and Felice Lyne the Gilda, but as a rule we played to empty seats or to papered houses. I remember well one evening when we were giving Massenet's *Don Quixote*, and I came up to Oscar, who was standing in the lobby, his hat tipped over one eye and a cigar protruding from the brim.

"Governor," I asked, "how is it doing?"

### UNREHEARSED TRAGI-COMEDY

HE took his cigar from his mouth and pointed to the box-office. In front of the window a single man was purchasing a single ticket.

"Doing?" said Oscar. "Fine! There's been all day long before the box-office a continuous line of one!"

But, however bad business was there was always plenty of color, and sometimes, I confess, too much. Miss Lyne, if you remember, was an unknown American girl who sang at the Manhattan Opera House in *Hans, the Flute Player* to no particular enthusiasm and then went to London and created a furore with her Gilda in *Rigoletto*. She had a very pretty voice and she was slim; and the British public, used to 200-pound Gildas, simply went wild over her youth and charm. She became a star over night. One day I was in his office talking with Oscar about a new work I was to sing with Miss Lyne, and after a few minutes Oscar sent for the young soprano who was rehearsing in the auditorium with Signor Merola, the conductor. We waited for nearly fifteen minutes, and at length the messenger returned saying that

Miss Lyne refused to come until she had finished her rehearsal.

Now Oscar wasn't a man to balked by a young prima donna who he himself had created, and he r downstairs in a rage. Bursting in the auditorium he saw Miss Lyne at the piano. He strode angrily upon the stage and up to the offending young woman.

"Miss Lyne," he cried, "I sent you and I intend that when I give order it shall be obeyed."

The young woman didn't answer but her mother who was standing by her side did, though not with words. Picking up a heavy score from the piano, she raised it high in the air and brought it down crack upon Oscar's top-hat! In the confusion both Mrs. Lyne and her daughter escaped. Oscar had to buy another hat and for some days he threatened to get rid of both the prima donna and her mother. But at this critical moment the young girl was too valuable an asset to lose, so peace was patched up at least externally.

### HE OFFENDS AN ANGEL

ANOTHER quarrel was that which Oscar had with Lord Howard de Walden. Lord Howard was one of the wealthiest peers in England and he was also an amateur composer. He had written an opera entitled *The Children of Don* and paid Mr. Hammerstein to produce it. It received two performances, but proved very far from either a popular or an artistic success. Yet by giving Oscar won the good-will of Lord Howard, who was probably ready to act as a good angel to the tottering fortunes of the Kingsway Opera House. In short, common sense must have told Oscar that he ought to do everything to curry favor with the aristocratic Mæcenas. But Lord Howard's opera had unfortunately gotten on Oscar's nerves. One of the noble composer came up to him in the lobby of the theatre and said:

"Mr. Hammerstein, do you know I should like to have another performance of *The Children of Don*. How much could you put it on for?"

"It will cost you exactly four thousand pounds!" replied Hammerstein as he turned his back and walked away.

Lord Howard never forgave him for he knew a few hundred pounds most would have paid the expenses of an extra performance. The next day Hammerstein was sorry, but emissaries bearing olive branches were always sent back empty by the irate nobleman.

Hammerstein lasted for four years in New York and came away with a million, two hundred thousand dollars in his pocket; he lasted only a quarter as long in London and came

(Continued on page 66)





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pulling them!"



"My dear! How  
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And so inexpensive"

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## MY MEMORIES OF OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

(Continued from page 64)

away with his pockets emptied and then turned inside out. It was inevitable. In New York Hammerstein was a personality whose very extravagance had an enormous box-office value; in London he was a personality whose extravagance was put down as impertinence. In England a man may be eccentric, or dynamic, or even extravagant, but he must fit into the British scheme of things. He invaded pre-war London when good taste and reticence were cardinal virtues, before the days when Mrs. Asquith wrote her memoirs or Miss Clare Sheridan her impressions. Who knows but that the democratized England of today might not have received Oscar with open arms? But the days when he opened his opera house in Kingsway were still the days of the top-hat, and though Oscar wore a top-hat it had not an English but a Parisian form. His wit was misunderstood and unappreciated. I shall never forget the puzzlement of an English journalist, who one day entered Oscar's office with a cheery:

"How is business, Mr. Hammerstein?"

"Business?" replied the impresario, "Opera isn't a business, it's a disease!"

### RETURN TO NEW YORK

AND this Londoner never could be made to see why opera to Oscar was a disease. Yet a disease it was, and to cure himself he sacrificed at least three huge fortunes, his health, and his happiness; and the cure never came. A year before his death he was still planning to re-enter the field in New York, to give opera at popular prices and perhaps in English.

Oscar's invasion of England failed. He lectured the London public on its stupidity, and shook the dust of England from his feet. He did, indeed, say on departing that he would return, but I don't believe he meant it. Back again in Old New York he returned to his little room over the Victoria Theatre, and set to work once more as an inventor of cigar making machines. His first big money he had made by such a machine, and now he hoped to turn out another which would prove even more successful and which, when his ten-year contract with the Metropolitan was up, would permit him again to prove a formidable competitor. But his health was no longer what it had been, and a year or two before his death a sore opened on his foot which never healed. One day I was sitting talking with him in his office when Max Rabinoff, the well-known musical manager, entered. Oscar asked him if he was going to continue in the operatic field and Rabinoff replied enthusiastically that he was. Hammerstein sat for a moment re-

garding the younger man with full of mock pity and then he

"Max, I like you, and I'm going to give you a piece of advice. Stop giving opera and in a few years your foot will be bad as mine."

It showed that Hammerstein the hopelessness of the game, but he had drunk deeply at the cup of life and the intoxication was even stronger. Only a year or so before he received nearly a million dollars from the Keith interests to permit them to give vaudeville in the Times Square district, a district which by an agreement among vaudeville managers had been allocated to him. But what did he do with this money? He sank it all in building another opera house at Lexington Avenue and 50th Street, a house which was taken away from him sooner than had he finished it.

### THE LAST PHASE

BEATEN at a game into which he had put his heart, Hammerstein at last retired. Seventy years before he had arrived in New York from Hamburg, with as he himself expressed it, "an old blanket and a headful of lies." He did not do justice to himself. Oscar Hammerstein was a master of lies only so far as he knew that a good lie is beloved of the people. He was more than that. He was a man and foremost a man who believed in his star, and one who was ready to fight for his ideal to the death. It is useless to assert that he loved opera solely for his own aggrandizement. He could have accomplished that in a dozen other and more certain ways. The fact is, he loved grand opera and wanted the people to love it as he did. By his love he created a new opera-going public in New York, and, irony of ironies, the Metropolitan Opera House reaped the harvest that he sowed. The fact is the Metropolitan is today the opera house in the world able to balance on the credit side its account to the public Oscar Hammerstein created at his Manhattan Opera House.

One day, I think it was about a month before he died, I called on him. He was seated, his foot swollen in bandages resting on a chair, his face white and drawn. I was shocked at his appearance, and he saw my expression. He smiled grimly and weakly took my hand.

"Mike," he said, "we've been friends, but I guess this is about the last time we'll see each other alive from the neck up!"

In the midst of suffering and in the shadow of death, his wit could be downed. His brain lived on to the last.

But for me, when I think of Oscar Hammerstein, I do not think of

(Concluded on page 68)



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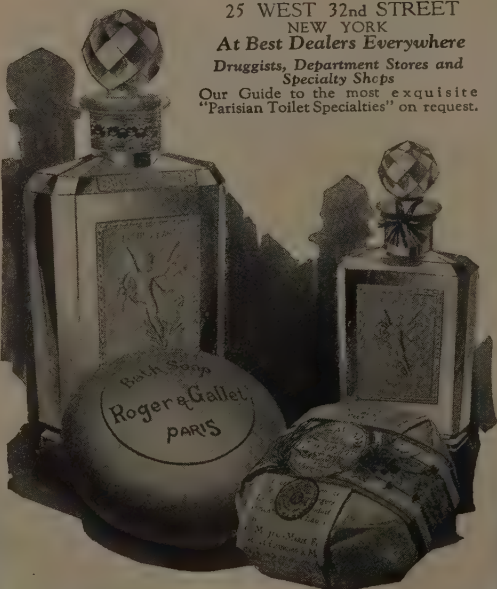
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## MY MEMORIES OF OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

(Concluded from page 66)

man who vitalized grand opera in America; I think of the man who was my friend. Oscar Hammerstein was not perfect, no great man ever is, but to those who knew him and whom he trusted he was infinitely human. He trusted few, and life had brought him only too good reason for his mistrust. More than one singer whom he introduced to America, whose career he alone made possible, failed him at the time he needed her most. These singers have since declared that the fault was not theirs, that Oscar Hammerstein was impossible to deal with, that he was egoistic, vindictive, insulting. Perhaps he was the first, the third he might have been when he was angry, the second he never was. He discovered me, he made me, and I never had but one quarrel with him, and for this he apologized twenty-four hours afterwards. I look back upon him with gratitude, with admiration, even with love. I was "Mike" to him and he was "The Old Man" to me, and this was our relation from the first day he met me up to the day of his death.

### HIS INFLUENCE ON OPERA

IT is, of course, this personal note which to me is dearest in my memories of Oscar Hammerstein, but when I look back at those wonderful years I spent under his banner I realize how deep has been his influence on grand opera in America. But for him the genius of Maurice Renaud, the art and personality of Mary Garden, and the voices of Luisa Tetrazzini and John McCormack might never have been revealed to

the American public. Other names too, splendid artists all, he carved in America's musical hall of fame: Alessandro Bonci, Mario Sammarco, Hector Dufranne, Armand Crabbe, Adamo Didur, Giovanni Zenatello, were all brought to America by Oscar Hammerstein, as was that extraordinary conductor, Cleofonte Campanini.

### WHAT HE GAVE AMERICA

WHEN we turn from the artists to the works, Hammerstein's contribution is even more brilliant and enduring. He revealed to us the wealth of modern French opera. Before his coming we had known only *Carmen*, *Faust*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Manon*, and the works of Meyerbeer. *Samson et Dalila* had had one unfortunate performance at the Metropolitan. Beyond this, French opera did not exist. But at the Manhattan we enjoyed performances of Massenet's *Thais*, *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*, *Grise-lidis*, *Herodiade*, and *Sapho*; of Charpentier's *Louise*; of Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann*, and of that epoch-making work Debussy's *Pelleas et Melisande*. If ever an American deserved the Legion of Honor, Oscar Hammerstein was that man. Yet that decoration he never received. But government decorations after all are of petty significance, while Oscar Hammerstein's significance in the history of American opera is enduring. Before he came opera had sunk into the plaything of society; he opened the doors and let in the crowd. In short, he brought good opera to the American democracy.



## MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 20)

THE progress of this translation from the Yiddish from a Washington Square theatre to the august sanctity of a 42nd Street house is ascribable, alas, not so much to its merit as to its dirt. A more foul and unpleasant spectacle has never been seen in New York. The decadence which we hear has submerged a large element of German dramatics has crept via MacDougal Alley into Broadway and I can only ascribe the absence of a police sergeant to the fact that his visits have on former occasions done little less than augment the popularity of the play. Mr. Asch's drama deals fundamentally with the vengeful god of Judea. In the story he makes effort to lay emphasis upon the inevitability of retribution and takes as its unhappy victim the keeper of a brothel, who, wishing to reform and take his sixteen year old daughter from the atmosphere of vice, plans to move from the district in which he resides and purchase from the temple the

Hebrew scroll, which necessitates its owner being of virtue and merit.

The Jewish god is a horribly cruel one in this instance. He thwarts the father's purpose by having his pure young daughter fall into the clutches of Lesbians and the audience is treated to a nightgown scene in which the women make overtures to each other which go so far beyond the pale of what is permissible that I can only voice my astonishment at the authorities allowing a thing of this sort to be continued before heterogeneous audiences, comprised of individuals young and old who go to the theatre to be entertained and without any conception of what they may be asked to witness. It is really a bit too thick. There may be a place for such dramas on the stage but their audiences must be known as intelligent and incorruptible and not the immature easily influenced individuals to whom *The God of Vengeance* might do grievous damage.





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(Continued from page 34)



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is one of the best pictures of the season. Her screen-performance is perfectly proportioned, both in its sense of *tempo* and in its sense of spaciousness; and it may be seriously questioned if a finer performance of any part has ever yet been shown upon the screen. The continuity follows the play very closely, except for the logical addition of a prologue and an epilogue; and the titles have been judiciously selected from Mr. Manners' text. The direction, by King Vidor, leaves nothing to be desired; and the photography and all the other technical details are excellent.

### THE DANGEROUS AGE

**T**HE *Dangerous Age* is an unusually entertaining and satisfying picture; and the reason for this result is not so much that the project was more than ordinarily important as that the undertaking was accomplished with a more than ordinary proficiency, in every department and detail of picture-making. The story, which is ascribed to Frances Irene Reel, is pretty nearly what one would expect from the title: it is the tale of a man in his late forties who, surrounded by many heady evidences of young love in the springtime of the year, begins to feel that the patient wife who darns his socks and mends his woolen underwear has lost that instinct for romance which had attracted him when he had married her twenty years before. On a business trip to New York, he meets a young girl in the train and falls headlong in love with her. After a few hectic weeks, he writes and mails an honest letter to his wife, telling her the facts and asking for his freedom. Then he calls upon the young girl of his dreams—and finds her in the arms of a callow youth to whom she is engaged. Thereupon he leaps into a motor car and proceeds to shatter all the speed laws in an effort to overtake and catch the limited train which, presumably, is carrying the regretted letter which seems destined to break the heart of his ever-faithful wife. The subsequent sequences constitute the best directed and most thrilling of all the hundreds and hundreds of "chases" that I have seen in motion pictures; and the minute adventures of the letter itself are detailed and screened with a suspenseful interest that is enthralling.

*The Dangerous Age* is hardly a great picture, because its story is not a great story and no picture can ever be basically bigger than the story that it tells; but it is one of the best pictures of this season—and, indeed, of several seasons—because its material is handled, in all departments, with a technical proficiency that is superlative. The con-

tinuity is masterly, and so is the direction; the photography is excellent, and so is the cutting and the titling. The acting is satisfactory in every part, and Lewis Stone gives one of the finest performances of his career.

Precisely because this picture might be recommended as an object lesson to all students of the technique of the screen, the present writer regrets his inability to assign due credit to all the artists and the artisans who collaborated in its production. When *The Dangerous Age* was exhibited at the Strand Theatre in New York, the main-title mentioned the name of the director, but neglected to mention the names of the continuity-writer, the title-writer, the photographer, or the film-editor. The director, Mr. John M. Stahl, deserves unstinted credit for a technical accomplishment that is extraordinarily fine; but how could ever so clever a director as Mr. Stahl have done a good job if he had been furnished with a bad continuity. Surely the author of this excellent continuity should be celebrated commensurably with the director; for his task was just as difficult as the director's and was accomplished with the same impeccable perfection. *The Dangerous Age*, according to its main title, was produced by Louis Mayer; and judging merely from results, it may be stated that, among the anonymous employees of Mr. Mayer, are several tall fellows who seem to know their business particularly well.

### HEARTS AFLAME

**H**EARTS *Aflame* is a rip-roaring "movie" of the traditional type. It never pretends to be anything else. But, having set itself the task of producing an old-time sensation, it proceeds to accomplish this not unworthy undertaking in a new-time manner, by taking meticulous advantage of all the latest improvements in motion picture technique.

*Hearts Aflame*, like *The Dangerous Age*, was produced by Louis Mayer. It was directed by Reginald Barker, whose reputation within the "industry" is even larger than that of Mr. Stahl; but, in this instance, the names of the collaborative artists and artisans were not deleted from the main-title of the picture. *Hearts Aflame* was adapted for the screen by J. G. Hawks and L. G. Rigby from a novel, entitled *Timber*, by Harold Titus. The photography was entrusted to Percy Hilburn; the film was cut and edited by Robert J. Kern; and the titling was supervised by Marion Fairfax.

*Hearts Aflame* offers nothing new to the informed observer and obtrudes no obvious of  
(Continued on page 72)





*"Buy one Royal Cord—  
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# THE SCREEN

(Concluded from page 70)

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portunity for professional uplifters of the screen to gasp and utter some such interjection as—"Art, at last!" But it is a soundly imagined, sturdily constructed, and excellently rendered picture of an established type. One may say, without assuming a damnable attitude of critical superiority, that it gives the public precisely what the public wants. The first three reels seem rather dull; but they are technically necessary to plant a proper foundation for the genuine excitement which is produced by the forest-fire in the last two reels. And this excitement is positively overwhelming.

### THE KINGDOM WITHIN

**T**HE *Kingdom Within* is a picture that is hard to classify. It is excellently acted, charmingly directed, and beautifully photographed: it tells, on the whole, a story that is humanly ingratiating; and, at moments, this story sweeps upward to incidents which are so enthralling that they can scarcely be dismissed with any lesser adjective than "great": yet the impression that is ultimately left on the mind of the critical observer is a little bewildered and, in consequence, not wholly satisfactory.

*The Kingdom Within* discusses a big theme,—the inevitable triumph of the positive force of Love over the negative force of Hate in the personal contentions that obfuscate the daily lives of the leading characters of an aloof and little town in the gigantic timber-lands of California; and this theme expresses itself supremely, at the culmination of the picture, in a sequence that closely approaches, in its essential validity and in its consequent emotional appeal, the superb and unforgotten climax of George Loane Tucker's screen-production of *The Miracle Man*.

Yet this climactic effect is not arrived at without many falterings. Either Kenneth B. Clarke, the author of the story, or Louis Stevens, the writer of the continuity, must have bungled the planning of this dramatic narrative. A straightforward prologue is succeeded by a time-lapse of twenty years: and, after this time-lapse, the story seems to flounder about for a reel or two before it manages to gather together the various strands which culminate in its superb and monumental climax.

Yet, despite its somewhat wobbly continuity, *The Kingdom Within* is an unusually excellent picture, by virtue of the charming artistry of the director, Mr. Victor L. Schertzinger. Granted a cast of such capable performers as Gaston Glass, Pauline Starke, Russell Simpson and Ernest Torrence, Mr. Schertzinger has managed to inspire each of these actors and all of their associates with an apparent ability to register upon the screen the finest performances of their

careers. Mr. Schertzinger—who is well-known to the musical public as a composer, as a violinist, and as an orchestra-leader—is a veritable artist; and, in his production of *The Kingdom Within*, he has managed to convey to the enormous motion picture public many hints of that keen sense of spiritual beauty which is resident within his soul.

### JAVA HEAD

**M**R. Joseph Hergesheimer's novel, *Java Head*, constitutes an important contribution to our current literature; but the picturized version of this novel is not superior, in any respect, to the ordinary average of motion pictures. Mr. Hergesheimer is noted for his understanding of character; but it is precisely in this regard that the picture is most noticeably lacking. The spectator is not made to understand the motives of the leading characters, particularly at those moments when an understanding of these motives is necessary to a sympathetic participation in the drama. After Gerrit Ammidon has rescued the Manchu princess in Canton, he brings her home to New England on the long voyage round the Horn; but during this long voyage, we are never shown or told whether or not he has developed any love for her, or whether the feeling of the princess for him is one of love or merely one of gratitude. Therefore, when this Manchu heroine commits suicide at the climax of the story, we really do not know precisely why she does it.

The story is set in Salem, Massachusetts, in the late 1840's; and the picture is beautiful to look upon because most of its exterior scenes were "shot" in the authentic environment of old New England. After the eye of the motion picture patron has been jaded by the evermore repeated spectacle of hundreds and hundreds of "locations" within a stone's throw of Los Angeles, it is very restful when permission comes at last to gaze upon the quiet loveliness of an actual New England green surrounded by stately and memorable mansions.

The direction of *Java Head* was entrusted to George Melford; and it cannot honestly be said that the director has done a good job. His besetting fault appears to be a tendency to "shoot" essential scenes at too great a distance from the camera. Time and again, at moments when the dramatic action should be of prime importance, the screen shows an empty foreground over which the spectator must look, in order to discern the minimized figures of the actors in the background; and, in many ensemble scenes, the dramatic effect of the action has been nullified by the fact that all the actors are walking away from the camera, with the backs of their necks turned toward the inquisitive lens.



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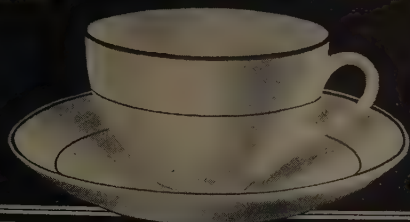
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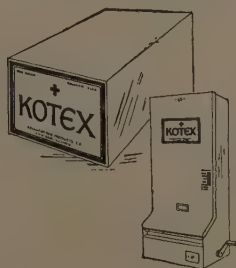
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## STANISLAVSKY — THE MAN AND HIS METHODS

(Continued from page 27)

ferred to suffer acute physical discomfort rather than desecrate the shrine of their traditions. That is the present spirit of the Moscow Art Theatre company.

### OTHER REASONS FOR SUCCESS

I HAVE emphasized this reverence of the theatre's traditions so that you may see upon what soil Stanislavsky has sown his rather revolutionary theories. First, he raised the atmosphere of the stage to exalted heights and then proceeded to make the art of those who choose it as a profession a systematic science. This is the second reason for success. Previous to Stanislavsky's time, the theatre, utilizing, as it does, the mediums of all the arts, had never attempted any scientific co-ordination of these. Elocution, singing, dancing, fencing, scenic art, lighting—all had their individual theories and all were studied individually. Stanislavsky built up certain basic principles which encompassed them all. He caught the dangling threads together and wove them into a pattern. This was not done in a moment; it has taken years of patient work and experiment and it will be impossible, in the space at my disposal, to more than indicate the outstanding features.

In the pocket of his coat, Stanislavsky always carries a notebook and pencil. How many times have I seen him—on the street, in the middle of a rehearsal, while eating his dinner—stop and pull out that notebook and jot down some new idea that had just flown into his head. He is a strange mixture of dreamer and realist, impractical and yet oddly practical. I remember one time we were in the midst of a rehearsal of Knut Hamsun's *Drama of Life* and Stanislavsky was at one side of the stage experimenting with a small model of the setting. All rehearsals of the company, by the way, are carried on with the same serious concentration as are the actual performances.

### INSPIRATIONAL IDEAS

THE cue came for his entrance, but he remained standing where he was, apparently lost in thought, holding in his hand a small square of black velvet. He waited patiently for several minutes, but he did not move. At length he turned, dismissed the company with a wave of his hand, and putting on his hat left the stage. The following day we discovered the reason of his sudden preoccupation. While toying with the stage model he had hit upon the novel idea of using a black velvet drop, to give distance and perspective to a scene. The innovation was introduced into the production of the Hamsun play—the first time, so far as I know, that it had ever been tried—and aroused unusual comment on the part of the

critics. It was afterward used in many other productions: Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, the *Life of Man*, by Andreyev, and *Hamlet*.

Those notebooks of Stanislavsky's are full of such novelties and suggested experiments—inspirational ideas pertaining to every conceivable phase of the theatre—and it is from this eternal vigilance in the expansion of his theories that the perfection of the present organization has issued. Some day those notebooks—there must be several hundred of them by this time—will be published and the realm of dramatic literature will acquire a rich legacy.

### MASTER OF REALISM

ONE speaks of Stanislavsky as a mixture of dreamer and realist. It is his realism—the realism of the Moscow Art Theatre—that has always been the subject of the greatest admiration. This is the third element in the Theatre's success. By realism, however, is not meant sordid detail, mechanical cleverness, make-up, nor scenic intricacy. The realism that Stanislavsky preaches is internal, not external. An actor who can stand in an imaginary snow-drift and actually make an audience shiver has mastered the reality of his art.

One of our experiments in the Studio, to see whether an actor or actress possesses this gift of inner feeling, is to suddenly tell them they see a poisonous cobra coiling before them. If the actor turns pale, trembles, retreats step by step, shows the mortal dread that such an experience would actually produce, we know that he or she has the fundamental instincts of an artist.

Among our audiences at the Jolson Theatre I know there are many who do not comprehend a word of the dialogue but who, nevertheless, are stirred by the vivid actuality of what they see. Take the acting of Stanislavsky in *The Cherry Orchard*, as he stands listening to the wood-choppers cutting down the cherry trees. No amount of protean skill could carry across the footlights the bitter pathos of that scene, unless the actor really felt each blow of the axe tearing into all the vital memories of his life. The theatre is too often regarded as a land of make-believe, where trained puppets strut and fret their hour in a sort of diverting charade. It is no such thing. It is pain and anguish, joy and bewilderment, love and hate, living and throbbing in the heart and mind of a sensitive reproductive organism, commonly called—an actor.

### "GETTING IN THE CIRCLE"

I WOULD like to take you behind the scenes during an Art Theatre performance. Standing in the wings, waiting their turn to go on, you would

(Concluded on page 30)

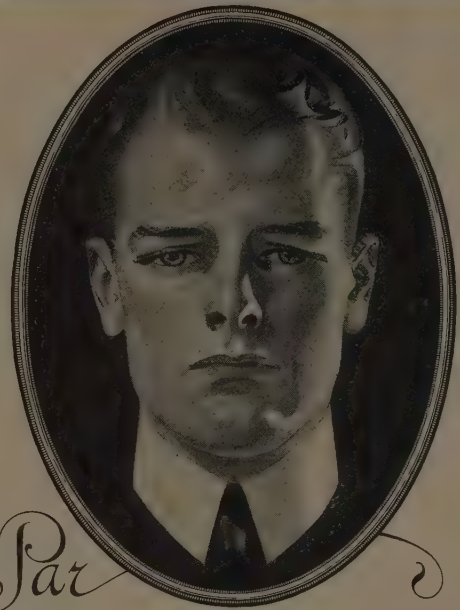




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## MUSIC FOR AMERICAN PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

(Continued from page 44)

### PIRATES AND BARBARY COAST WARS

Sullivan: Pirates Chorus (Act II  
Pirates of Penzance—Birchard).  
\*Grieg: *Anitra's Dance and Arabian  
Dance* (Peer Gynt Suites I & II).  
\*Czibulka: *Turkish Patrol* (Fatinitza).

1812

\*Sanderson's *Hail to the Chief*.  
\*Star Spangled Banner.  
\*Rule Britannia.  
\*Planquette: *Paul Jones* (operetta).  
\*Sullivan: *Horn Pipe* (Pinafore).  
\*Sullivan: *Hail Columbia* (President's  
March).

### MIDDLE AND FAR WEST 1845-65

For Husking Bees, House-Raisings, Etc.  
\*Turkey in the Straw.  
\*Pop Goes the Weasel.  
\*Money Musk.  
\*Virginia Reel.

Old American Dances. Edited by  
Elizabeth Burcheval.  
Perkins: *Make Your Home Beautiful*  
(Religious).

Sweet Genevieve (song) Birchard.  
Nelly Bly (song).

The Belle of the Mohawk Vale (song).  
A brief list of songs of Middle  
West about 1856 appears in Herbert  
Quick's novel *Vandermark's Folly*, pp.  
282-3.

### MEXICAN WAR

\*Mexican National Air.  
\*Yradier: *La Paloma*.  
\*The Star Spangled Banner.  
\*Hail Columbia.

The Road to Monterey (Puccini used  
this California melody in his *Girl  
of the Golden West*).

T. J. May: *Juanita* (Words by Hon.  
Mrs. Norton).

Czibulka: *Love's Dream After the  
Ball*. Men's Chorus. Birchard.

### CIVIL WAR

Songs of the South  
including *Dixie*, *Maryland My  
Maryland*, *Foster's Old Black Joe*,  
*My Old Kentucky Home*, and *Mar-  
sa's in the Cold, Cold Ground*.  
Minna Monroe and Kurt Schindler  
(Ed.) *Twelve Bayou Ballads*  
(Louisiana Folk Songs) See also  
Cavaliers, The South, etc.

Songs of the North  
including \*Star Spangled Banner,  
\*Marching Through Georgia, \*John  
Brown's Body or Battle Hymn of  
the Republic (to same tune).

Kittredg: *Tenting on the Old Camp  
Ground*. Men's Chorus. Birchard.

\*Handel: *Dead March* (Saul).

Julian Edwards: *Johnny Comes  
Marching Home* (Operetta).

Kelly: *Captain, O My Captain*. Male  
Chorus. Birchard.

### SPANISH WAR

\*Star Spangled Banner.  
\*A Hot Time in the Old Town.  
\*Spanish National Air.  
di Capua.

Songs

O Sole Mia.  
Dolly Grey.  
Just Break the News to Mother.

### THE WORLD WAR

American Airs above.  
Also Sousa: \*The Stars and Stripes  
Forever.  
\*Sousa: *In Flanders Fields*.  
\*Cohan: *Over There*.  
\*Elliott: *The Long, Long Trail*.  
\*Judge and Williams: *Tipperary*.  
\*Wells: *Joan of Arc*.  
\*Chopin: *Funeral March*.  
\*Elgar: *Pomp and Circumstance*  
(British).  
\*Brabanconné (Belgian)

French

\*The Marseillaise  
\*Ganné: *Sombre et Meuse*.  
\*Ganné: *Pere de la Victoire*.

Italian

\*Marcia Reale.  
\*Reina Margarita.

### FOR OUR CITIZENS FROM FOREIGN LANDS

See the author's *Music for Plays  
and Pageants* (of various countries),  
*The Theatre Magazine*, May, 1921—  
also

Geary's *Folk Dances of Czechoslo-  
vakia*.

Crampton's *Folk Dance Books I and II*.  
Berquist's *Swedish Folk Dances*.

Gilbert: *100 Folk Songs from Many  
Countries*. Birchard.

### NOTES ON ORCHESTRAS AND BANDS By Arthur Farwell

William Chauncy Langdon's *The  
Celebration of the Fourth of July by  
Means of Pageantry*, published in  
1912 by the Division of Recreation,  
Russell Sage Foundation (now out of  
print) contained an excellent article  
FARWELL, on music for the Fourth  
of July.

He speaks of the orchestra as being  
much better adapted for accompanying  
voices than the band, the latter being  
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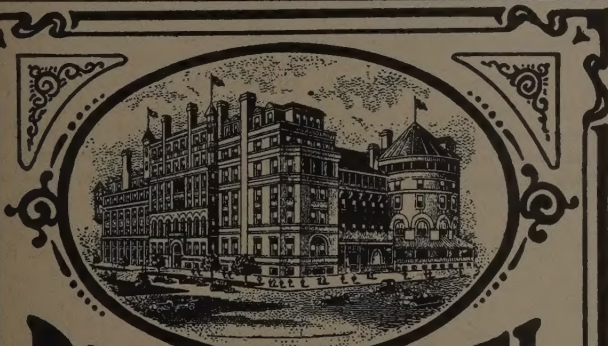




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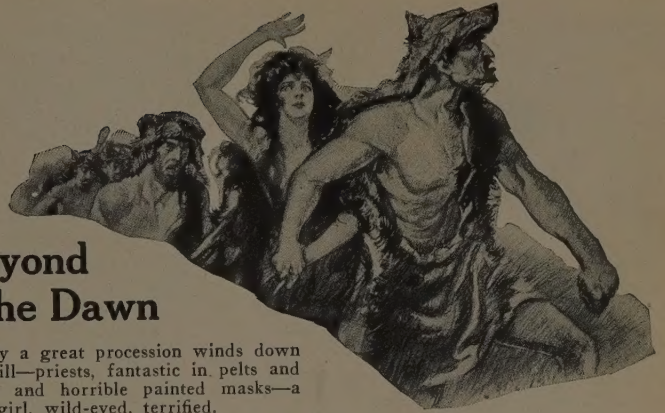
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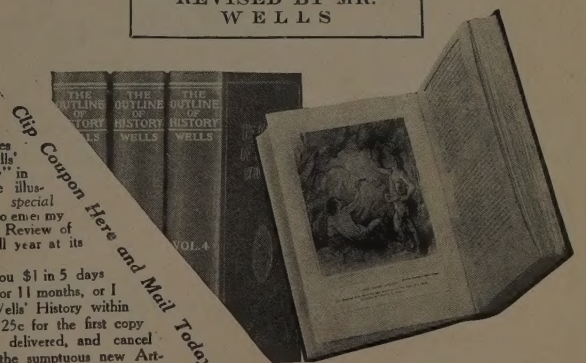
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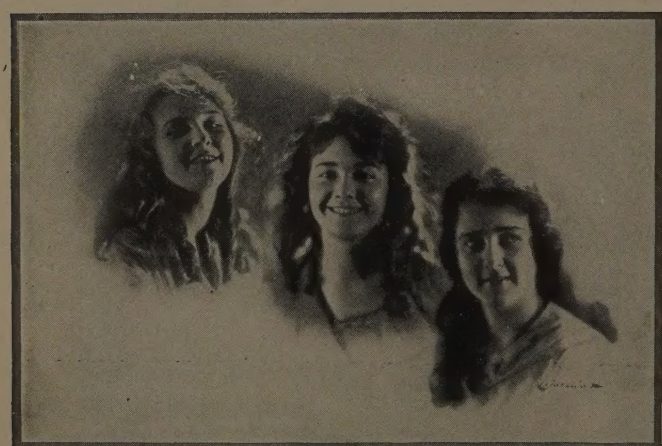
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## MUSIC FOR AMERICAN PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

(Concluded from page 76)

ing part singing by chorus; that the orchestra has generally been satisfactory out of doors, "requiring only a simply constructed sound screen or 'shell' of wood to give its best effect,"† and appends the following notes reprinted by permission of the Russell Sage Foundation.

### THE ORCHESTRA

It must be understood that there are two kinds of orchestra; the "grand" or "symphony" orchestra and the "small" orchestra. The symphony orchestra is thoroughly standardized as to its required instruments, and music written for it cannot be played by the small orchestra. The grand orchestra contains no piano. Thirty-five is about the minimum number of players required for its organization, and these must conform to the proper specification of instruments, the requisite proportion of stringed instruments, flutes, oboes, horns, etc. The symphonies of Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, etc., can be played on such an orchestra, but modern composers have augmented it, so that "modern" music, including the larger works of Wagner and the music of later composers, requires about sixty players. The great symphony orchestras contain about one hundred. . . . The printed music for grand orchestras will be of no use for smaller groups of players. W. J. Henderson's *The Orchestra and Orchestral Music* and Daniel Gregory Mason's *The Orchestral Instruments and What They Do*, give much valuable information.

### THE SMALL ORCHESTRA

The small orchestra consists of anything from piano and violin up. The piano and violin are its basis, the piano to give the bass and harmony, and the violin the melody. The parts for the other instruments are written in such a manner that they will fit into the combination as they are added. Up to the number of five instruments (1st violin always necessary, 2nd violin, flute or clarinet, cornet and piano—not a precisely fixed arrangement),

the piano is absolutely necessary. Above five instruments, the bass viol, commonly called "the bass," may be added and the piano dispensed with if desired. There is no fixed or standard arrangement of instruments for small orchestra. So long as the base is present, the violin (with other "melodic" instruments), and instruments to fill out the harmony—commonly 2nd violin, viola, horns, etc.—the published music for small orchestra is so arranged as to "sound," i.e. to make proper and full musical effect, whatever the particular combination of instruments. As the orchestra grows, the "strings" should preponderate well over wind instruments.

The following is a suitable basis for small orchestra with ten instruments: 1st violin, 2nd violin, viola, bass, 1st cornet, clarinet, flute, trombone, 2nd cornet and drums. The next instruments to add, in proper order, would be 'cello, horns, 2nd clarinet, oboe and bassoon.

A very wide range of music is published for small orchestra, including adaptations of many standard works originally composed for grand orchestra.

### THE BAND

The specification of instruments for small bands with fourteen men (and leader), is as follows: E-flat clarinet or flute, solo B flat clarinet, 1st B flat clarinet, 2nd B flat clarinet, solo B flat cornet, 1st B flat cornet, 2nd B flat cornet, 1st horn, 2nd horn, trombone, baritone, E flat tuba, small drum, bass drum. For a band of twenty-one and leader these are added: piccolo, 2nd solo B flat clarinet, 2nd solo B flat cornet, 3rd horn, 2nd and 3rd trombones, and 2nd tuba. The next instruments to be added are: trombone, flute, 3rd alto horn, oboe and bassoon.

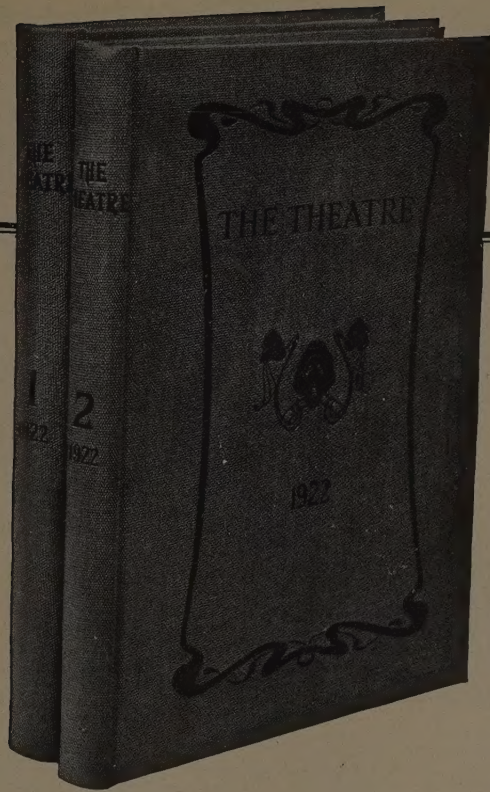
See also *The Wind-Band and Its Instruments*, by Arthur A. Clappe.

†Since then, a sort of a deep sounding box-stage for the musicians to sit upon has been invented. It is desirable to screen the orchestra from the audience with low plants. R. H.

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## STANISLAVSKY—THE MAN AND HIS METHODS

(Concluded from page 74)

see an actor or actress—eyes shut, brows puckered in deep concentration—preparing themselves for the mood, the reality of the characters they represent. They call this "getting in the circle." Several years ago, during the rehearsals of Byron's *Cain*—one of the last pieces the company presented before leaving Russia—Stanislavsky discovered what he termed a "rhythm of the soul," as distinguished from that of the body. It is a difficult thing to explain, but I shall attempt to do so because it is the secret of all theatrical realism.

The leading character in Byron's play is an introspective type of person, one given to feeling deeply but displaying little of that feeling. Such a part is difficult to portray; it is like telling an actor to depict jealousy—a distinct emotion, but one that has very few physical manifestations. To describe it better we can take the case of a man who has suddenly been placed under arrest. Outwardly, as far as his body is concerned, he assumes a studied indifference; the physical rhythm, in other words, is a steady, contained beat. But in the soul of that same man is going on a riot of emotions—a wild rhythm of fear.

### SOUL CONCENTRATION

FOR an actor to make such a scene effective requires more than the most perfect physical simulation. He must feel the dread of the moment—inside. With this in mind, Stanislavsky began teaching us his "soul concentration," what you would call—getting inside the skin of a character. He drew around each one of us an imaginary circle, which encompassed the true personality of the characters we portrayed. If we began acting "out of our parts" he would call to us: "Are you in the circle?" Some actors would wave a line about them, step in, concentrate a moment, and then go on in the proper key. I have seen Moskvina, one of the most tempera-

mental and finished actors of our company, so completely "in his circle" that the ordinary conversation of his associates off-stage was incomprehensible to him until he again stepped out of character.

Although, in Stanislavsky's technique, much emphasis is placed upon the inner spirit, the emotions, and the soul, he would be the last man to infer that the theatre should be made a laboratory for the exclusive study of inspection. It is dramatic action that makes the theatre live; his only qualification being that action, to be real, must be the product of real emotions, otherwise it is merely—acting.

### PERFECTION THE GOAL

JUST as he believes that the refinement of his art is merely to make more adaptable to its original purpose, so also, he believes that such art has a sound commercial value. This is the final reason for success. I put it last because, in Stanislavsky's consideration, it would come last. He believes that people will pay for something worth while; that perfection is worth more than half perfection. Because of this belief he stops at no expense of time or money to make what he offers as nearly perfect as possible. I do not know of a single theatrical organization that has shown as large and consistent financial profit as the Moscow Art Theatre. Before the war it was paying over two hundred percent dividends on its stock. The company is a corporation with its artists as the shareholders.

The foregoing is a necessarily brief, but, I believe, a fairly accurate estimate of the secret of the Moscow Art Theatre's success. I would leave the thought in your mind that Stanislavsky has been able to do three things: to create an institution, to make the art of the theatre a systematic science, and to place that art upon a sound commercial basis. Any man who can accomplish this much deserves the success that is his.

### THEY WANT TO KNOW

Q.: Can you supply me with single or bound copies of THEATRE MAGAZINE for 1917 containing any pictures of these two plays presented by the Washington Square Players in that year:

O'Neill's *In the Zone*

Moeller's *Helena's Husband*

R. L. DeW., Connecticut

A.: Photographs of scenes from *In the Zone* and *Helena's Husband* appeared respectively in the issues of December, 1917, and November, 1915.

Q.: What issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE had pictures of the Neighborhood Playhouse production of *The Harlequinade*?

F. D. D., Oklahoma

A.: September, 1921.

Q.: What is the proper pronunciation of Lou Tellegen, is it a hyphenated surname, and what is his full name? What is his nationality, his birthplace? Give a short sketch.

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A.: Tell-e-gen. The full name is Lou Tellegen. He was born in Athens of a Greek father, who was a general, and a Danish mother, a dancer. He was reared in Holland and has been on the stage nearly all his life. He went from the Comédie Française to be leading man with Sarah Bernhardt, with whom he remained four years, playing first in Chicago in *Theodora*. He has been in America since 1913.

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